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JOURNAL OF

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Editorial

THE BUTTER DAIRY.

The production of good butter is a branch of farming industry in which the community is largely interested. It involves, in one way and another, the investment of much capital, and the result, after all, depend a good deal upon the exercise of skill, not only in the immediate manipulations, but in the selection and breeding and management of cows best suited to this particular specialty. The quality of the article, and the result of the whole enterprise, therefore, will depend on a combination of things, and among them, good cows and feed best calculated to produce good milk, and the best and most economical processes of manufacture.

As to cows, as we have often stated, good butter qualities are not strictly confined to any one breed or family of cows, but individual animals that yield a rich quality of milk may be found in all the well established breeds, and among the common stock of the country, often called "natives." The best way, therefore, for a butter dairyman, is to test the quality of milk of each cow in his herd separately, and then, taking into account also the quantity she gives, he can tell whether she is profitable for his particular purpose or not. A cow to be kept in a butter dairy herd ought, of course, to give milk that is very rich in cream. This, any one *will admit, is an essential* requisite, and it is at the same time certain that the milk of different cows varies widely in quality. We do not except the breeds that have been built up with special reference to this quality of milk, though, in such breeds, there will be found greater uniformity of milk than in other breeds, and the risk of getting an unsuitable cow is less than it is with cows bred without this particular object in view. There are exceptions to all general rules.

Every farmer knows that first rate butter qualities are the rule in some breeds, and that they are far less common in others. As an example of this fact, we gave some months ago the following results of experiments that were very carefully tried in England, and they are so striking and interesting that they will bear repetition. They show a remarkable uniformity in quality of milk in the different breeds through all the trials, each breed holding its relative position in each to such an extent as to be a surprising evidence of the adaptation of different breeds to specific purposes.

No. 1. Feed—grass and hay only.

Pure Brittany cow's milk	19.27	per ct. cream
Pure Jersey	18.65	" "
Pure Durham	15.52	" "
Pure Ayrshire	13.47	" "
Pure Devon	14.87	" "
Cross bet. Jersey & Durham	17.95	" "

No. 2. Feed—grass, hay, one lb. linseed cake.

Brittany cow's milk	20. 00	per ct. cream
Jersey	18.98	" "
Durham	16.02	" "
Ayrshire	14.14	" "
Devon	13.31	" "
Cross breed	18.41	" "

No. 3. Feed—grass, hay, brewers' grains and one measure condiment.

Brittany cow's milk	20. 00	per ct. cream
Jersey	18.62	" "
Durham	16.09	" "
Ayrshire	14.09	" "
Devon	16.07	" "
Cross breed	18.84	" "

No. 4. Feed—grass, hay, meal, and feed extra.

Brittany cow's milk	22.00	per ct. cream
Jersey	20.00	" "
Durham	17.95	" "
Ayrshire	13.94	" "
Devon	16.09	" "
Cross breed	19.05	" "

No. 5. Same feed, but change in proportion.

Brittany cow's milk	21.50	per ct. cream
Jersey	19.08	" "
Durham	18.56	" "
Ayrshire	14.84	" "
Devon	17.09	" "
Cross breed	18.60	" "

This is a result which any one familiar with the peculiar qualities and characteristics of the different breeds would have predicted before the trials were made, but the striking part of it is the uniformity with which the several breeds held their relative position throughout all the trials, and it justifies the well known remark of Prof. Voelcker that the smaller the breed the better the quality of the milk, which is undoubtedly true as a general rule.

It will be seen that the Brittany cow gave the richest milk, or on an average over one-fifth of cream, the Jersey cow, the next larger breed, holding the second place. If instead of mere quantity of butter the flavor or quality had been considered, the Brittany would still have maintained the first rank, for there is, probably, no cow whose milk produces such sweet, delicate and nutty flavored a butter as the Brittany. That is her strong point, or that taken in connection with the ease with which she is kept, or the ratio of product to the amount of food consumed.

Again the possibility of making good butter depends, in part, upon the food which the cow consumes, especially upon its quality, and hence the course of feeding in the butter dairy differs from that in the dairy devoted to the production of milk for sale. In the latter the feeding should be such as to produce the largest quantity that is practicable consistent with the health of the animal. In the butter dairy, the quality is as important as the quantity, or even more so. A richer and a drier food is calculated to produce this, and when not at grass, the feeding of some meal or grain, and the best of hay, will be better for the cow than a more watery or succulent diet.

But after all the butter maker will fail of attaining the most satisfactory result, unless to the conditions already named be added the process of manufacture and the most careful treatment throughout, especially to secure the utmost cleanliness in every operation from the time the milk leaves the udder till it assumes its final form of butter ready for the market. The elements of success are therefore numerous, and perhaps it should not be a matter of surprise that we find so large a proportion of really good butter in the market when the chances of failure are so great and the conditions for the manufacture of a prime article so numerous and so exacting. Let it, however, never be forgotten, that good butter always commands a high price and a ready market, and is really about the most profitable form of disposing of farm products, while the manufacture of a poor article is and always will be unprofitable.

THE HORSE DISEASE.

The disastrous epidemic, which has so seriously affected the horses of this part of the State and pervaded nearly all parts of New England, has not yet left us, and at the time of this present writing does not promise very favorably. Many horses were exposed too soon and the result has been a relapse which in many cases has terminated fatally. Fever and congestion of the lungs set in to add to the dangers of the cough, which was already troublesome enough. This is to be regretted, but the premature working of many horses seemed to be a necessity.

Many horsemen apprehend a continuance of the trouble and fear that we have not yet seen the worst of it, but that in cases where animals seem to have recovered it will recur again and prove to be very troublesome all winter. It seems certain that the using of horses before recovery is entire and complete will be very likely to bring on serious and dangerous symptoms. Such cases have been numerous, and the owners of horses will do well to learn from the experience of others and to take warning from their example.

We have little faith in many of the remedies which have been in many cases proposed, or in the innumerable nostrums which have been recommended. In this case as in many others, the simplest and the most natural treatment seems to be the best. If a man has a severe cold, or influenza, rest and freedom from exposure seem to be the surest means of cure. A laxative diet, one that is calculated to promote the general health, and removal from any drafts or chills, even for a short time, seem to be the best. Such a diet, composed largely of roots and mashes prepared with warm water, has seemed to result in a milder form of the disease where it has been commenced in season. We know of several stables where this course was adopted and where the attack was slight, scarcely taking the animals off their regular feeding.

Where the symptoms appear, the animal should have extra care, be kept warm, and out of the cold air. If the attack is light, a few days of rest will be likely to lead to complete restoration. But where the case has been more severe, it has left the animal unfit to withstand the rigors of the season. Many deaths took place last week in this city. For the latest details of the present state of the distemper, we refer to the second page of the *Ploughman*. Farmers will do well to take extra care of their horses and with this the number of fatal cases will be small.

THE BRITTANY COW.

To those who have never seen a genuine dairy cow in miniature, the beauty of form, the exquisite fineness of bone, and the compact minuteness of size of the Brittany cow constitute the most striking characteristics. Wherever the Brittanies have been exhibited, out of France, their native country, they have been the centre of attraction, and have been regarded with wonder and admiration. It was so at the exhibitions of the Royal Agricultural Society at London, at the International Exhibition at Hamburg, and has been so wherever else they have been shown.

Two or three of these beautiful creatures were present at the New England Agricultural show at Lowell, and the editor of the *New York World*, who, like most other visitors, examined them with great care, says: "By far the prettiest stock on exhibition was a herd of Brittany cows, calves and one bull, owned by Joseph L. Pratt of Reading. They attracted much attention. One little cow usually gave two gallons of milk each day and had had three calves. For family use we think this breed would become popular, as they are said to be easily kept, are gentle and are certainly the prettiest little animals we ever saw. In color they are a rich black and a clear white, hair smooth and glossy, and are well marked in every particular." This is a true "bill," and is the almost universal testimony of those who have seen them.

For the purpose indicated by the *World*, that is the "family cow," the village cow, or whatever else you may call the single cow kept around the cottage, we know of no class of cattle to be compared with the Brittany, and any taking a fine herd of Brittanies and raising them for the purpose of supplying this increasing want, is sure to find an almost unlimited demand. They give milk enough for a single family, and they hold out remarkably through the year, if you want them to, while the cost of keeping is only about half that of a larger cow. We never saw more perfect family pets than they.

THE BARRE MEETING.

Prof. Agassiz will lecture at Barre, before the State Board of Agriculture, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3d, at 7 1-2 o'clock, upon *The Structure and Growth of Domesticated Animals*. If the good dairymen of that part of the country and the good dairywomen, too, don't turn out and fill the hall, they won't know what they will lose by staying away.

Hon. Harris Lewis, an extensive and practical dairyman of Herkimer Co., N. Y., is expected to be present and open the ball on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M., upon *Dairy Husbandry*, a subject and a man that ought to bring out every live man within ten miles of Barre.

Questions & Answers.

PROFIT OF DUCKS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Being a subscriber, I wish to inquire through the columns of the *Ploughman* something in regard to ducks, whether they are profitable to keep or not, and how soon early spring ducks will begin to lay? An answer will oblige

Yours truly,
H. G. THOMPSON.

Brookfield, Oct. 21, 1872.

The Poultry books invariably say that ducks are profitable, among the most profitable that a farmer, who has facilities, can keep. We have owned and kept good specimens of all the prominent breeds, Muscovies, Rouens, Aylesburies, etc., and we have been led to doubt whether there is really any profit in them. We like to see a few about a place. They give variety, and if there are not too many together they will get a very large proportion of their living with extra feeding. But they are the greatest gormandizers the animal kingdom affords.

Hens, however, is what Tegetmeier, the greatest authority on poultry says of the profit. "In suitable localities, no kind of poultry are more remunerative than ducks whether regarded as egg producers, or as furnishing young birds for the markets. The variety that is most remunerativeis undoubtedly the large white Aylesbury." Now we have the large white Aylesbury, birds that came from a nobleman's park in England, and about as pretty birds as we ever saw, and yet we don't believe they have paid their board this past summer, when they would be likely to pay if at any season of the year. They have had enough to eat, and they have put in enough to eat their heads off, half a dozen times, and we doubt if they would bring enough to-day, if killed and sold, to pay for the corn they have devoured since last April. We don't exactly see where the profit is coming in. And yet, as we have said, we like to see them about. It is a pleasure to see them eat so. They seem to have an aim in life and to give their whole attention to it.

Early spring ducks will, so far as our experience goes, begin to lay sometime in March, that is at about a year old.

The writers on the subject state it earlier, but they have not generally begun with us any earlier, and they have had as good care as it is generally practicable to give them.

The feed of all varieties of ducks ought always to be given in water, especially if it is corn. They do better on it and waste less.—[Ed.

BLOODY MILK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you give me, in this week's issue of the *Ploughman*, the cause and cure for a cow that gives bloody milk, and oblige,

SUBSCRIBER.

Northboro', Oct. 28th, 1872.

Bloody milk most commonly arises from some injury to the udder or the teats, such as a wound or bruise which causes inflammation. It comes as often as any way from stepping upon the udder by the animal tied next to, and too near, the cow in the barn, but there are various modes in which it may receive serious injury, internally or externally, and if inflammation follows it will produce bloody milk.

Bathe the teats and udder in warm water and also give some warm water with an ounce or two of saltpetre dissolved in it. In most cases this treatment will effect a cure in a few days, but if it continues we know of no better way than to fat and kill the cow.—[Ed.

Correspondence.

FARM EXPERIENCE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Agreeably to promise a year ago, I give you somewhat of my experience of farming under difficulties. The land on which I worked I came in possession of June 1, 1868, and is a pear shaped eleven acres. The small end elevated where the buildings stand, the central or about seven acres low and swampy, the large end rising above the whole. The east side lowest by about eight feet from the west. From the west side run two small streams, one falling from the northwest, the other slightly from the southwest, coming together three-fourths of the way across the whole, thence to about the centre of the east line under Brookline turnpike on through two miles of swamp and bog to Charles River.

At the time of purchase, the buildings and small end were the most attractive to me, as I was engaged in business in Boston which I thought to continue in for years. Hence I gave no particular attention to the land generally, except to see that it was a sort of basin or reservoir for all the wash of streets and lands adjoining, and no outlet sufficient to keep it from being overflowed a good part of the year. I did but little to improve the land except around the house the first year; found that I could not plough three rods from the barn without miring. In my leisure hours I gave the property a good looking over. I found two-thirds almost impassable for water, the other literally paved with stone from the size of five tons down to a cobble; the most of them with just enough earth upon them to give the land an appearance of grass. The whole nearly surrounded by a stone wall, the most crooked and formidable, and this nicely hedged in by briers and brambles. What soil was to be seen was excellent, beneath evidently a clay. On the whole, I do not think there ever was a more forbidding and desperate case for improvement than this, and I have frequently been reminded that it was no wonder that the former owner came to a sad and untimely end, and braver men have fallen under difficulties less trying to overcome than these.

As is my nature, I never yet saw a piece of land but what I could improve somehow. So I went at this, in company with the town, opened up the outlet for water at an expense partly to us of $50, giving a depth of outlet four feet lower than the original. This completed, I went on improving as time and money would permit, first opening the mains and then the laterals to the mains as the springs and conformation of the land required; cleared away the brambles and used the stone wall in drains and ditches. The mains are opened and stoned up; all the laterals are from two and one-half to four and one-half feet deep, six inch culvert or water passage covered with small stone from one to two and one-half feet. There is more than a mile of such drains beside the open mains, and one the whole length of the east side.

The winter of 1868 and 1869, I kept three men blasting and hauling rocks from the west side and upland; ploughed and planted about two acres. In the summer of 1869, I also ploughed about an acre back of the barn after drainage at an expense of $100. In the summer and fall of 1870, I ploughed the whole of the land. In 1871 and 1872, I pianted potatoes and corn on the low land, and miscellaneous crops on the elevated. After the summer of 1869, I gave my whole attention to the job, and I doubt very much if there is a man in Massachusetts that has done more real hard work mentally and physically in the three past years than your humble servant.

I do not believe there has been one pound less than five hundred tons of stone removed and put into ditches from the land; also one year's time expended by myself in thinking both night and day how to drain effectually and economically. Not a stone moved of much size, or sod turned, or wheel revolved without my personal supervision.

On reading various farm papers, agricultural reports, etc., I find that every farmer must blow his own horn, and is naturally made to appear egotistical, so I end this perhaps wearisome subject by saying, that I never received a word of encouragement during the whole time from any one except my Irish workmen. The hearty co-operation in sympathy at least on the part of property holders in the vicinity would seem natural, but no, they seemed to say "It's your folly." When I came on to the place, it did not produce one hundred dollars worth. This season it has brought me in twelve times that amount; and another season, God willing and a plenty of manure, it shall show twice twelve hundred and even be improving under my charge after that.

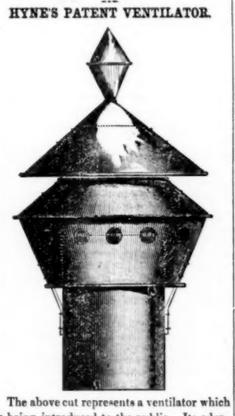
Other and more perplexing difficulties have attended me, the most formidable want of money, and if I should speak for myself, of the courage and intelligence displayed as others would, I should be voted by any Agricultural Society in Massachusetts, if not in the United States, at least an active member.

I will furnish a diagram at any time which will give the plan of this redeemed piece of God's earth, and will give an insight into our undertaking of drainage, which I doubt not will interest, if not instruct, in the science of draining.

Yours respectfully,
JAMES WHITE.

Newton Centre, Oct. 20, 1872.

HYNE'S PATENT VENTILATOR.



The above cut represents a ventilator which is being introduced to the public. Its adoption by the United States Government and by many large manufacturing concerns and private individuals, is proof of its many true merits as a ventilator while it is equally good for a chimney top, having been used in hundreds of cases. It is adapted for buildings of all kinds and purposes, being neat and storm proof. It is manufactured by J. E. Barney & Co., 26 Charlestown Street, who make ventilation a special study combining theory with practice. See advertisement in another column.

BUYING A HORSE.

First, acquire a knowledge of horses, so as to know a good horse when you see one that is a model. There is more money lost, and more honest men are defrauded, in buying and selling of horses, than in any other product of the farm. For the last twenty years, I have had all sorts and shapes of horses, from the pony to the Shanghai, and the greatest weight in the least bulk is the animal for service. A horse weighing from 1100 to 1400 pounds, is large enough for farm work. You must understand what you want an animal for, before you go to buy. One minute is long time enough to examine the standing points of a horse. These are: A good lively eye, inclined to hazel, and a pleasant countenance; a flat leg and open foot; shoulders set rather back, and thin at the withers; a short back, and no objection if it is slightly arched; the proper shape of the hinder parts depends on what you wish the horse to perform.

The prevailing blemishes are blindness or weak eyes, ringbone, spavin, hoof-bound, curbed or thorough-pinned, stifled, &c., all of which an expert observer will detect in one minute's time. The heaves is the most difficult to detect, as that depends upon the treatment the animal has had for the week previous. The thumps, or palpitating of the heart, may be detected easily, by moving and exciting the horse, and stopping him suddenly.—As to the age of a horse hurting him, it depends upon how he has been used until he is six years old; if sound then, he is good for twelve or twenty years service yet. Judging the age of a horse by his mouth, is very uncertain. You can tell to a certainty within one year until he is six years old, then you must judge from general appearance. Some judges rely on the tusk, but some horses never have any tusk—about the same number of mares have tusks as horses that have none.

Some men will tell you that they know the age of a horse by the jaw, or the wrinkles about the eye, or by the joints of the tail.—You might as well say that you know the age of a man by the wrinkles in his face. The wearing of the teeth depends upon the general health and lungs of the animal. Bad teeth follow diseased lungs.

In purchasing a horse, rely upon your judgment, and when you trade, do not ask a neighbor, as every man ought to know his own business. If there is much talking to be done, let the other do it. What you say, let it be to the point, and stand to it.—*Ohio Farmer.*

DUTCH CATTLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Until Mr. Houghton will answer one or two plain questions, attempting to throw dust in the eyes of your readers will probably fail of success.

He disclaims "artful misstatements" "for purposes of deception," yet in the same breath utters this:—"Parties who wish to put off grades and mongrels for pure bloods are the only ones affected unfavorably," and, "if grades and mongrels are imported by persons not qualified by experience to select or procure genuine stock, (*as I believe has been already done*) the association will be the best and only protection against such." Here are conveyed two propositions deliberately and unqualifiedly false, though I am willing to concede without much "art."

I have said, and invited Mr. Houghton to contradict it, that no such thing as "grades" or "mongrels" are known in Holland; the cattle imported by Mr. Chenery being the *common cattle of the country.* Farther, the cattle of Holland are everywhere in that country—unless in an isolated case of individual fancy,—bred and kept in mixed herds of black and white, red and white, and gray and white; especially is this the case in that part of Holland from which Mr. Chenery obtained his stock; and it is to these cattle of *whatever color,* that belong the commendation which Mr. Chenery, in the introduction to his herd book, has adopted for what he designates the "Holstein race of cattle."

Perhaps Mr. Houghton can tell the readers of the *Ploughman* how to characterise this act of Mr. Chenery's if it is not "appropriating the virtues of the Dutch cow to forward his scheme," if it is not in fact deception.

Will Mr. Houghton imitate "your correspondent's" "defininiteness," and state distinctly what he would have your readers believe? What they want to know is not the reason for a do ting a name, but, whether they can safely import from Holland, at a reasonable cost, the animal they want, running no risk of getting what they do not want, or, must they buy from the "Chenery importation" at a price beyond the reach of the larger part of our breeders? Over this question, without the boldness to state anything definitely, the "Holstein breeders" throw a fog of inferential statement, which confuses and misleads instead of directs.

Until the important facts are made clear, the mere question of a name is of little account.

I again ask Mr. Houghton to name one locality in Holland where are bred distinctly, or one individual breeder of those "large, short horned, black and white cattle, called Holstein,' to distinguish them from cattle of other parts of Holland having a different origin." Until he does this, the efforts of his association to protect buyers from those "who wish to put off *grades* and *mongrels*" may not appear to be entirely disinterested.

It ought not, but may be considered pertinent to the subject for me to say that I have no Dutch stock for sale, either grade, mongrel or pure blood, or but one animal of that breed in my possession. I however believe them better calculated than any of the European races to improve our dairies, and, believing this, have stated some facts concerning them for the advantage of those interested, and will farther cheerfully communicate, either publicly or privately, any information desired of me; but until the "Holstein bre ders" contradict *one* statement I have made, the *Ploughman* can be better employed than in giving its space to advertise a deception,—which, so far, has been the only drift of their communications

Concord, Mass. T. E. WHITING.

Porcine.

COLOR OF PIGS.

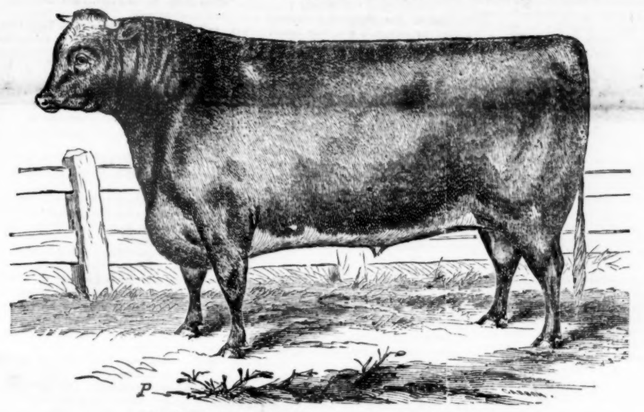
The show of swine at the Western New York Fair was very large and good. Most of the animals were black, or of the breeds in which black predominates as a color. In fact the tendency of the day is towards this color for the pig. But the dark colored pig must meet and overcome a great deal of prejudice before it gains in public favor a position equal to its white brother. Standing by the pens of Essex and Berkshires on the Fair Grounds, we heard as the throng of farmers passed by, the frequent exclamation, "They are fine hogs, but I don't like the color." Now, in reason, what is there in the dark color which should prejudice a farmer against as fine breeds as those above named? "Will they dress white?" asked some dozens of lookers on. Of course, for the color is not even skin deep. It lies mainly in the hair, and the scales on the surface of the skin. In other countries there exists none of this prejudice against black swine. One farmer, who had bred both black and white pigs, said he liked the dark color best for high bred pigs, because the dark animals were not so apt to sunburn as the while, which, if thoroughbreds, have but little hair to protect their skin. He had found the effect of the sun a serious drawback to the thrift of the pigs. There is not a single reasonable objection to be urged against the black color of pigs, and the excellence of the breeds is too great for our farmers to overlook them. Growers will recognize this fact more generally before long.—*Rural Home.*

CHEAP STUMP PULLER.

Have a chain made of the best round cfiarcoal iron, at least one inch and a fourth in diameter and eight feet long, with a ring in each end two inches and a half in diameter; one side of these rings must be formed like a link. Attach one ring to a band of iron, one inch thick, two and a half inches broad, with a small offset for the ring to lodge in. This band should be beveled on the inside edge, to make it slip on the pole readily and prevent cutting it. Cut a nice, straight, tapering hickory, white oak, or locust lever, one foot in diameter at the butt, and twenty-five feet long. Take off the bark and lumps smoothly, put on the band, let it come within two feet of the large end, at which point put in two small pins of iron, to prevent it from going any further. Within four inches of the small end, put on a common ox yoke clevis with a ring in it to pull by. Hitch on two yoke of oxen. Drive on the right of the stump until the band passes the stump, on the left side, and draw it tight with the twist in the chain. A little above the lever, drive in a common wedge, and put the ring on the wedge. Then gee round in a circle, until the stump is twisted out.

This machine will take out about half the dead stumps in a field of long standing, without cutting the brace roots. Common sized green stumps can be taken out also by cutting the brace roots first and digging a little. After everything is ready, with the team and two hands I can take up one hundred or more stumps per day, as it is no draft at all on the cattle, except in the labor of pulling the lever from stump to stump.

SHORTHORN BULL "CHERUB,"---TWO YEARS OLD.



OWNED BY MR. E. ILES, OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

GROWTH OF FARMING.

ARTICLE NO. VIII.

The agriculture of the United States, previous to the present century, demands a passing notice. The earliest settlers found the country a wilderness, with many varieties of climate and soil, of which they were entirely ignorant, and to which the knowledge they had obtained in the mother country did not apply. Thus they had to contend with innumerable obstacles, with the wildness of nature, and their ignorance of the climate in addition to the hostility of the Indians, the depredations of wild beasts, the difficulty and expense of procuring seeds and farming implements, &c. These various difficulties are quite sufficient to explain the slow progress they made in the way of improvement.

For many years agriculture was in an exceedingly backward and depressed condition. Stock and tools were poor, and there were obstacles and prejudices against any "innovations" in the established routine of practice. This state of things continued for many years with very little change. Jared Eliot, a clergyman of Connecticut, one of the earliest agricultural writers of America, published the first of a series of valuable essays on field husbandry, in 1747; but with this and a few other exceptions, no real efforts were made to improve farming till after the revolution, when the more settled state of the country and the gradual increase of population, began to impress the intrinsic importance of the subject upon the minds of a few enlightened men. They sought by associated effort to awaken an interest in the subject, and spread abroad valuable information.

The South Carolina agricultural society was established in 1784, and still exists, and the Philadelphia society for the improvement of agriculture, established in the same year, and a similar association in New York in 1791, incorporated in 1798, and the Massachusetts society for the promotion of agriculture, established in 1792, were active in their field of labor, and all accomplished important results. The correspondence at this period between Sir John Sinclair and Washington, shows how anxious was the father of his country to promote the highest interests of the people by the improvement of agriculture.

But all the efforts of the learned, and all the investigations of the scientific, prove comparatively unavailing unless the people themselves, the actual workers of the soil, are prepared to receive and profit by their teachings. Many years elapsed before the habit of reading became sufficiently common among the masses of the actual tillers of the soil, to justify an expectation that any profit would arise from the annual publication of the transactions of the several societies. The improvements proposed fell dead upon the people, who rejected "book farming" as impertinent and useless, and knew as little of the chemistry of agriculture as of the problems of astronomy.

Such has been the increase of intelligence, and the growth of liberal ideas among all classes of men during the last half century, both in this country and in Great Britain, that we, at this distance of time, can with difficulty realize the extent of the prejudices which blinded the eyes of the people of those days. The farmer who ventured to make experiments, to strike out new paths of practice, or to adopt new modes of culture, subjected himself to the ridicule of a whole neighborhood. For many years, therefore, the same routine of farm labor had been pursued in the older settlements, the son planting just as many acres of corn as his father did, "in the old of the moon," using the same number of oxen to plough, and getting in his crops on the same day, after having hoed them the same number of times, as his father and grandfather did. All farm practices were merely traditional; no county or town agricultural societies existed to stimulate effort by competition. There were no journals devoted to the spread of agricultural knowledge, and the mental energies of the farmer lay dormant. The stock of the farm was such as one might expect to find under such circumstances; the sheep were small, and ill cared for in the winter, and the size of cattle generally was but little more than half the average of the present time. The value of manures was little regarded; the rotation of crops was scarcely thought of; the introduction even of new and labor-saving machinery, was sternly resisted and ridiculed by the American farmers of that day, as well as by the English laborers. It was long before the horse-rake was brought into use in opposition to the prejudices it encountered. It was equally long before the horse-power threshing-machine was adopted

In some parishes of Great Britain, even so late as 1830, the laborers actually went about destroying every machine they could find. Now, on the contrary, the use of the flail is a drudgery which very few are willing to submit to, and steam power has in many instances been substituted for the horse, while new and improved implements of all kinds are sought to an extent unprecedented in the history of agriculture. Changes are gradually made everywhere, and the success which attends the introduction of new implements disarms prejudice. Within the last half century, chemistry, the indispensable handmaid of agriculture, has grown with great rapidity, and in each new discovery some new truth applicable to practical agriculture has come to light, while willing experimenters have labored in the field to prove the truth or falsity of the theories proposed, and thus the well established facts from which the science of agriculture is derived, and the sound theories deduced from these facts, are constantly increasing in number. The substitution of animal for manual power, and still more the saving of animal power by the substitution of natural and mechanical forces, are the surest indications of improvement. From the changes which have grown up in these respects, and from the more constant use of chemistry to determine the qualities of soils and manures within the last fifty years, we may safely assert that the progress made during that period, or perhaps within the last twenty years, is wholly unparalleled. A brief allusion to the advance in each of these departments will illustrate this fact.

And first, with regard to farm implements. In the time of the Saxons, in England, as we have already seen, the plough was an extremely rude and uncouth implement. It was made by the ploughman himself, under the compulsion of a law forbidding any one to hold a plough who could not make one, or to drive until he could make the harness. The progress made previous to the time of Jethro Tull was comparatively slight, either in the manufacture of the plough or in any branch of agricultural mechanics. Tull, as we have seen, invented the horse-hoe and the drilling-machine. Both of these were then rude, but they have since been vastly improved in their details.

The plough was generally made of wood till the beginning of the present century, but its form has since passed through many changes. The old Dutch plough, one of the best ever brought into extensive use previous to the recent forms of the iron and steel one, was patented in England in the year 1730, the design having been brought over from Holland by Dutch engineers. This implement is said to have been first manufactured under the direction of Walter Blithe, author of the "Improver Improved," already mentioned as one of the most important early works on agriculture. It went under the name of the Rotheram plough, from the place of its manufacture, but was generally known in this country as the Dutch plough. It was all made of wood, except the coulter, draught rods, and share, the mould-board being plated with iron. This was probably the best wooden plough ever invented, though as it was made by the village blacksmith without a fixed pattern, it was liable to many modifications varying according to the skill of the maker.

It was difficult even for the same maker to form two ploughs exactly alike in every respect. The old "Carey plough" was also familiarly known in the United States for many years, with its wooden mould-board, plated over with tin, sheet iron, or sometimes with saw-plate, wooden land-side and standard, and clumsy wrought iron share. This was difficult to hold, and required twice as large a team as that now needed to do far better work. The "Bar side-plough," once a great favorite, also, had a wooden mould-board, and did very poor work.

The first patent issued in this country for a cast iron plough is believed to have been that obtained by Newbold, of New Jersey, in 1797. Cast iron ploughs had, however been manufactured by Small, in Scotland, as early as 1763, and the founding of cast iron having been introduced about the same time, it occurred to the manufacturer to have exact patterns of the principal parts of his plough, as the mould-board, the sole, and land-side, cast, that he might secure the greatest possible uniformity in the manufacture. This is the origin of the cast iron plough used for many years in Great Britain, but whether the American inventor had any knowledge of the existence of the Scotch plough is not known.

CAPE COD CRANBERRY CROP.

The Yarmouth *Register* says the cranberry crop on Cape Cod is almost a total failure. The vines were last year badly winter killed, one-half of them being cut off. On the remaining vines, the fruit has been attacked by the worm, which in some localities, has completely destroyed it. Messrs. J. K. Baker & Co., in Dennisport and Harwich, report that where they last year had one thousand bushels, there will not probably this year be fifty gathered. In Norwich not one quarter of a crop will be harvested. In Dennis the growers do not anticipate more than a quarter of the usual crop. In Yarmouth, the same tidings reach us. The same accounts come from Hyannis and other quarters. The Marshpee Corporation bogs were attacked by the worms, and an effort to kill them by flooding resulted in rotting the berries.

☞ It is said that the wood of a tree will be soonest seasoned, if it is cut down while in the leaf; because the leaves will draw all the sap before they die.

Written for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

CATTLE EATING BOARDS.

BY LEVI BARTLETT.

Having recently noticed in the *Ploughman* inquiries respecting "the cause of cattle eating wood, and the remedy," I will attempt in this paper to answer the above questions.

Researches in vegetable and animal physiology, have ascertained beyond all question, that for the successful growing of our cereals and other farm crops, the soil must contain in an available or soluble form, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, manganese, silica, chlorine, sulphur and phosphoric acid. Chemists have given to the above the name of m

Ploughman of December 30th, and that of Mr. Babcock's of January 13th, "why cattle eat boards, &c., and the remedy." There are in this town scores of farms that have been occupied from eighty to one hundred years and over, and during that long period, farm stock have grazed in the same pastures, and the rocky and moist parts of many fields have been mown annually during the same number of years, and the fertility of other thousands of acres of *once* productive tillage lands have become so exhausted of the fertilizing constituents of a good soil, that they now fail to produce the better qualities of grass, and those old fields and pastures are overrun with a poor innutritive grass, known here by the name of "white top grass." There may be abundance of this in the pastures, and the farmer may store away in his barn tons of this grass in the form of hay, but it is deficient in those nutritive qualities, for the profitable growth and healthy condition of young cattle, and the well being of cows in calf or giving milk. The deficiency of the phosphates causes what is here called the "bone disease," and cattle fed entirely upon this grass and hay are as sure to have the bone disease as it is that two and two make four.

Animal instinct prompts the bone sick cow to search for old bones, for the phosphates they contain. I have time and again seen cows chewing a horn pith or other large bone for the half hour together, and frothing at the mouth as though they had the hydrophobia.

At our stores finely ground bone is kept on sale to our farmers, as a medicine for bone sick cows. Small quantities fed daily with a little meal acts as a partial, and in some instances, an effectual remedy. But good early cut clover, timothy and red top hay, with fair rations of oil cake, cotton seed cake, indian meal, or shorts, are a better preventive of cattle's eating bones or boards, and every thing of that kind, than bone meal alone, for the good reason that they not only contain a supply of phosphates, as well as all the other constituents of perfect cattle foods.

Warner, N. H., 1872.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1872.

THE ELECTION.

The national and State election on Tuesday resulted not only in giving a large majority of the electoral votes to President Grant, but of the majorities in many of the States were such as to surprise the most sanguine of the dominant party. Massachusetts threw a vote of a little short of 200,000, and gave the republican national ticket a majority of about 73,000. Washburn for governor ran but a little behind that majority. All the republican representatives were chosen by large pluralities. Twenty democratic counties were returned to the legislature, and but one democratic senator. Boston gave more than 5000 majority for Grant.

The returns from the States at our going to press were of course meagre, and only sufficient to show how the result was decided without giving figures. All the New England States however, gave larger majorities than were expected for Grant. New Hampshire 4,000, Vermont 30,000, Rhode Island 8,000, Connecticut 2,500, Maine estimated 35,000. New York State gave 40,000 majority. Pennsylvania was set at 100,000. The only States which appeared to have gone for Greeley were Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, and possibly Missouri. But the full returns may vary these statements.

THE HORSE DISEASE.—The increased number of horses on the streets and their greatly improved appearance indicate plainly that the horse disease has reached and safely passed its crisis The contrast between the appearance of the city thoroughfares Wednesday and that presented earlier was indeed marked. The reports from the stables were most encouraging, though in several there were horses which will probably not recover. The cars are running on all the lines; on some routes with two horses and on almost regular time. The Middlesex Railroad Company ran cars every ten minutes to and from Charlestown Neck; on the Bunker Hill route every fifteen minutes, and on the Winter Hill and Union square lines on double-horse time. The Highland, Metropolitan, Cambridge and Chelsea cars are daily increasing in number and trips. Reports from the suburban towns speak of a general improvement.

THE MORAL OF THE EPIDEMIC.

The horse disease will not have been without out its due influence in inculcating a lasting lesson of sympathy, and therefore of humanity, if the possessors of these invaluable animals become imbued with feeling for the suffering brute such as they consciously had not before. Men have been touched to the quick of their natures to witness the silent endurance of pain by these companionable creatures. They have felt as if their best friends were sick, and their countenances betrayed their hearts. This has been good for all. The horse has thus come nearer than ever to his master. He is up on a higher level, close to his sympathies. And so the sickness, while bad for the animal, has unquestionably been good for the owner.

It is an entirely new thing to see thousands of men bestowing on a sudden such unaccustomed care and anxious watchfulness on dumb creatures. But this visitation has brought about a more intimate acquaintance. People understand better than before how necessary the horse is to social comfort and order. He has taken a higher rank in the scale of man's esteem. Henceforward he will be made more of, not from mere admiration and æsthetic pride but from a growing and deepening sympathy. His position is now assured in the social economy. Neither business nor society could get on without his willing co-operation. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may well feel that the principles of their work have been thoroughly vindicated, and the epidemic has preached more sermons for humane treatment than the rigid enforcement of all the laws on the statute book.

The Disaster at Seabrook.— The jury of inquest on the recent disaster on the Eastern Railroad at Seabrook heard all the testimony possible to be obtained as to the cause of the accident, and failed to fix the blame on any individual. The evidence was quite conflicting and contradictory. The brakeman who shifted the switch last told a straightforward story of careful attention to his duty, and produced a most favorable impression on the jury. But the question recurs, if he did not leave the switch wrong who did, or who changed it. The testimony of the conductor of the local freight train was brought forward to confirm the brakeman, but as it was reported, his statement was either unintelligible, or it tended directly to contradict him. He said as reported, that after the Bangor freight train passed he saw the brakeman shift the switch to the main track. It certainly must have been at the main track when the train passed, and if any shifting was done it was to throw it off the main track. Perhaps however the evidence was misreported. The jury however, who seemed to be an intelligent body, exonerated the road and all its employees from blame. The facts will perhaps be ventilated again in some future suit for damages against the corporation.

MAYOR HALL'S TRIAL.—The trial of A. Oakey Hall, Mayor of New York, for dereliction of duty in suffering the treasury of the city to be so extensively plundered by the unprincipled tradesmen and politicians, occupied most of last week, and was given to the jury on the evidence mostly of the prosecution. The jury were out seven or eight hours and failed to agree on the question of wilful neglect of duty, and of any intent on the part of the mayor to connive or permit the wrongful acts complained of. The real offenders are yet to be tried and it is to be hoped that stronger evidence will be forthcoming.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 24, 1872.

From Chicago to Cincinnati, by way of Indianapolis and Kankakee, a journey that takes one directly through the heart of the great Prairie States, and gives him a thorough conception of their extent and resources, the whole distance is a territorial wonder; interminable spaces; farms without limit; immense corn fields; a vast area whose productive wealth is simply fabulous. The ride has been again and again described by wondering travellers. Nature laid out broad work when she framed those boundless prairies. She evidently had another than the Indian race in her eye as their destined inhabitants. She aimed at the magnificent, the grand, the stupendous; and every witness freely testifies that she achieved a memorable triumph. It is well to praise the mountains when you are in their immediate presence; but where all is prairie, stretching illimitably north and south, east and west, and forming the great farm of the continent, admiration must be allowed full play for its freest impulses. No man has yet seen America who has not traversed those noble prairies; and taking them northwest and southeast is the way to get an idea of their import.

Cincinnati is all the time under a cloud. It is a smoke cloud, rising day and night from its consumption of bituminous coal. As seen in its lap of the receding hills, to be as near as it can get to the river, one can get but an indefinite idea of its real extent unless he ascends the heights and gazes down upon the dimmed scene beneath him. It is an incessant play of trip-hammers and forges for noise. You might guess a population of grimy Titans were at work below the dense cloud of superincumbent smoke and sooty vapors, pounding and hammering, and clattering and rattling away like an army of workers that never needs rest. The industries are of wonderful variety. It would almost require a separate directory to enumerate and classify them. Every body knows how great Cincinnati is on pork; but very few who have not witnessed the operation can conceive of the magic swiftness with which a hog on the hoof is "put through" a Cincinnati transformation into hams, strips, pork, lard, and all the other shapes of pig without animation and combination. Lard, tallow, candles and oil are the staples of their city manufacture. Mechanic arts flourish marvellously there. Every where is bustle and buzz. The stores are imposing and the public buildings are architecturally of a noble character. The famous fountain in the heart of the city, costing one hundred thousand dollars, and the gift of a generous and public spirited citizen, is the most unique and original in its design of any similar affair in the United States. There is a whole volume of lessons in it for designers.

A ride upon and about the heights in the vicinity of the new Park, exposes to view a truly beautiful and imposing scene, of which the winding Ohio constitutes the life and soul, and the hills the worthy frame work and setting. The visit to the Queen City of the West would lose its peculiar zest, if these outside views were dispensed with. And besides *seeing* it is a part of the visitor's proper experience to *hear* that busy life of hundreds of thousands of people below his feet. He then receives the full depth and strength of the impression that goes with the experience.

When we went west to the Mississippi, several reasons conspired to induce us to go by the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*; and our memories of the journey were so vivid and indelible, and had become so much a part of our very thoughts, that almost involuntarily we went the same route on our return homeward. It was an entirely new sensation to jaded nerves and tired physical forces, and the desire to repeat it was the most natural of all things. It is out of the question to enter upon any adequate description of this noble highway. Its scenery, its engineering, its bridges, its solid road bed,—they are each and all famous the world over among travellers and railroad men. The impression received from a personal acquaintance with it is that of giant energy, working without fret or strain. The forces it embodies seem to be at play rather than at work. The whole extent of the road forms a belt that may fairly be called the paradise of the traveller.

He traverses a region where work goes on without friction. The social atmosphere is that of Indian Summer along its favored course. All persons around are in such polite good nature, ease and frankness are the noticeable characteristics. Washington, having cast aside carelessly the compound of volume upon volume that lingered and loitered, with the help of frequent stoppovers, along its tortuous course. It is alternate valley and mountain, gorge and spur; such magnificent scenery cannot be painted in the language of any known vocabulary. The traveller is always on the right side of the car, let him choose which side he will. He cannot possibly monopolize a sunny seat in winter, nor a shady one in summer. This brief statement best describes the winding curvature of the road, to which the letter *S*, is but a feeble comparison. In and out, in and out, without cessation, from the Atlantic tides to the peaceful Ohio. The company have set like hospitable, honest example to all other roads of establishing and maintaining their own hotels and dining and lunch stations along the eight hundred and sixty miles of their route; and you have all the time that a good appetite requires to refresh nature for continuing your delightful journey. The hotel system is a feature of this stanch road, and tens of thousands of tourists are yet to be enticed to try the ride by these most desirable addenda. The same air of liberality and enterprise these hotels that is so enjoyable in the cars. No one looks anxiously at his neighbor to see if he is choking. No hissing of steam starts him up as soon as he is fairly seated at his meal.

That is what we mean by the "honesty" of the thing. At *Oakland*, which is twenty-seven hundred feet above the sea, where the mountain air is salubrious, midway between Cincinnati and Baltimore, is the "Glades Hotel," the resort of the most cultured people of Baltimore every summer, and of the best families of Virginia and the South with their families; and it is in every respect a pattern house. No northern hotel, in city or country, is more perfectly stocked, furnished, and operated. An invalid would almost wish to spend his days there. It is indeed a "resting place for travellers," which is the name it goes by. No wonder it receives the constant support it does from the best class of the Maryland and Virginia people. The scenery is wholly mountainous, and, as one looks off from the generous piazza his thoughts reach out to the former mountain homes of Jefferson and Madison far away among the billowy heights of the Blue Ridge. Here in the hallowed indeed. Whoever would recover from the strain of business cares or hard professional studies, and commune himself mentally in the waters of sure restoration, let him go and pass weeks at the famous Glades House, at Oakland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

THE EXPOSITION AT VIENNA.

Mr. Wm. M F. Round, one of the commissioners appointed by our government for the Vienna Exposition, issues an appeal to the mechanics and manufacturers of New England, from which we extract the following. The exhibition is to be on the largest scale of any yet held in the world, and the United States ought to occupy a large share of the space.

The empire of Austria has announced to the world her intention of holding a great international exposition at Vienna during the summer of 1873. She has promptly and cordially invited all the nations of the world to become participants in its benefits, as exhibitors. To this invitation the government has responded by sending in more than 8300 applications for space, and England, France and the Eastern nations have shown an equally becoming appreciation of the advantages to be derived from such an exposition. The United States, which should have been the first to have recognized the importance of sending a representation of national industries, has shown a tardiness in the matter that, in consideration of the wonderful progress of the last decade, is truly astonishing. Late in the last session Congress appointed Thomas Dunlap and Wm. Hemmick as Commissioners to act in behalf of the United States Government, and more recently several assistant Commissioners have been appointed by the State Department. Although doing all in their power to secure a creditable representation of American industry, they feel a lack of earnest co-operation on the part of those to whom it would be the most interest in the enterprise. The time has nearly expired when applications for space will be received by the management of the exposition, and while other nations have overrun the space allotted to them, we have hardly made a beginning toward filling ours. This is the more surprising when we consider the inducements offered by the exposition. Russia, Turkey, Greece, Egypt and the old agricultural nations are manifesting the greatest eagerness to obtain the latest improvements in labor saving machinery, and will crowd the city of Vienna during the exposition as spectators and purchasers. To those having articles of real merit, a market as broad as the world offers, it will thus be opened. It is a singular fact in this connection, that the majority of applications for space have thus far been made by parties who were exhibitors at the Paris or London expositions, and thus practically became acquainted with the benefits resulting from such an enterprise.

The inducements offered by the management of the exposition to American exhibitors are neither few nor trivial. The country cannot afford to neglect such opportunities, and it therefore behooves all manufacturers and artisans to make good use of the short time that remains for making applications for space. We have not been slow to boast of our progress in the world. To New England, especially an appeal is made to show something of her industrial strength and power at this assembling of the nations. The President of the United States and the Governors of the States have signified an earnest interest in this forthcoming greatest of world's fairs, and it only remains with the people whether the department assigned to us shall be a credit or otherwise to the country.

AMONG THE HORSES.

It is gratifying to observe that the opening of the present week showed a great improvement in the condition of the horses, and the streets on Monday began to assume much of their former appearance. The number of horses and teams might not have been one-half that in healthy times but the change from the silence of the previous week was so evident that every one was impressed with the idea that the worst was passed. For days in succession last week one might stand still on one of our most thronged streets, and but two or three street cars would pass in an hour. The down town streets were almost entirely deserted, and a more than Sabbath silence pervaded the city and impressed a sad and sober feeling on the passer-by.

As days wore on those earliest attacked showed signs of improvement, but many cases showed worse symptoms, and the number of fatal results became somewhat alarming. Twenty-five to thirty horses a day died for some days, and the public who are so dependent on their services, seeing the continued and at times increasing strength of the disease, and feeling more and more the inconveniences to which they were in consequence subjected from day to day, naturally became despending as to the final result. From other cities also, as the impression of the hour ruled, unfavorable or conflicting accounts were received, and produced their corresponding impression. The owners of stables, and the hack, teaming, and horse car companies were put to their wits end to know what to do, and only seemed to take out a few of their animals as if for gentle exercise. The enforced embargo on trade and transportation of course became more and more embarrassing. The horses still continued sick and weak, and altogether the week closed with anything but cheerful prospects of the future. The Metropolitan company took out but few cars, each with four horses. The Middlesex and Union companies ceased entirely to run cars for four or five days, and most of the express and hacking business of the city came to an entire standstill. Hathorne's omnibus line which was discontinued the earliest, was the first to resume anything like its usual trips, and on Saturday after giving the horses almost a week of entire rest, was able to use about 150 out of 214 horses. Sunday however was by common consent a day of complete rest for all horsefleish, and little was seen of it except in the neighborhood of stables where they were led out for gentle exercise.

The benefits of the resting spell which the animals enjoyed were felt in their great improvement, and on Monday the majority were in a fair way of recovery, with every prospect of entire restoration to their usual condition. Scarcely a large stable, however, but has lost one or more horses, and their general condition will for some time necessitate moderate work and very careful use and treatment.

In New York, also, where the disease seemed to take the strongest hold last week, the change was for the better, and the general report was that everything was on the mending order. Many horses had died and many were attacked with more alarming symptoms, but generally on Monday travel and teaming were resumed to a considerable extent, and apprehension was wearing away.

The disease had shown itself in places further south. In Philadelphia the disease appeared late, and early in the week they were going through our experience of last week, although the reports were that the symptoms were milder than among us. At Washington no street cars were used on Monday, and very few hacks. Nineteen-twentieths of all the horses in the city were sick. At Norfolk, Va., the most of the horses were disabled, and the same was probably the case generally at most places, although not particularly reported. In cases where it appeared later the experience of other places was availed of, and in the first stages of the disease all labor was discontinued, so that the chances were generally in favor of a milder class of symptoms.

From all parts of New England the reports of the horses were of prostration by disease. Every large town had the same story to tell. It was said on Monday that not a horse in Worcester county was exempt, and probably nearly the same statement might be made of almost every region. It made its appearance as far west as Chicago, and at intermediate points to more or less extent. This week or a few days farther at most, will probably be the extent of its ravages, as there will be no more subjects for its attacks.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.—The requirements of the United States postal system service, necessitate the employment of 254 clerks, 71 special agents, 790 rout agents, 156 mail route messengers, 98 local agents, 669 railway postal clerks, and a formidable army of 31,000 postmasters.—For the fiscal year ending June 30th last the postal service was extended over 8174 miles of railway, rendering necessary the employment of a large number of additional special agents, route agents, railway clerks, postmasters, &c. Besides this, 316 money order offices were established, and the amount transmitted during the year by all of the offices of this kind reached the large figures of $48,515,532 72, against $42,161,118 03 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871.

THE CONGREGATIONAL FAIR.—The Fair closed on Saturday evening, and its financial results have been such as to be satisfactory to the managers. The receipts Saturday footed up $2760 57, and the total gross receipts amount to $17,250 61, not including some small sales not yet reported. This will leave the net proceeds not far from $12,000. The members of the Executive Committee and especially the Secretary, Mr. Langworthy, have been untiring in their efforts for its success. Their labors have been faithfully supplemented by the Presidents and Assistants at the several tables, and the several departments have been generously supplied with donations from suburban as well as city churches.

☞ *The South St. Louis* is an able, bright, sprightly and interesting weekly paper lately started in St. Louis, and edited by two accomplished ladies, Mrs. Laura S. Welch, and Mrs. Gen. Bowen. It has reached more than twenty numbers, and has shown itself full of enterprise and spirit. It is one of the few, we might say of the two, in this country edited by women, and we gladly welcome them to the field of journalism, in which we have no doubt they will gain distinction, if talent such as is displayed by them merits its deserts.

MONUMENT TO GEN. SCHOULER.—The many friends of the late W. L. Schouler, Esq., are proposing to raise a sum sufficient to erect a suitable monument in his memory. His many virtues public and private, and his meritorious services to the State during the rebellion make it a fitting thing that it should be done.

SPREAD OF THE HORSE DISEASE.—Reports from Charleston, S. C., and Raleigh, N. C., state that the disease among the horses, has reached there and is attended with the same general consequences experienced elsewhe e. In many of the western states it is now in its height, and the crisis is not yet past.

LAST DAYS OF A NOTED HORSE.

There is scarcely a child or grown up person who ever goes to the circus but remembers with pleasure the performances of Dan Rice's famous trick horse Excelsior.

For the last fifteen years, on each recurrence of the season, he has been one of the arenic attractions of that famous show, and whenever he appeared in the ring, it was to receive the plaudits of the thousands who were gathered around it.

Though totally blind, he exhibited an intelligence that was almost human, and in the tableau pieces and posturing, which was the greater part of his "business," he was pronounced by all to be the handsomest horse hey ver saw.

Dan Rice came to the city last week and pitched his tents on Union Grounds. Excelsior, of course, came with him, and, as usual, was the admiration of every one who went to the show. The old horse, however, did not seem in his usual spirits.

He seemed to be too sick to take his part, and though at times he would fire up and go through a part handsomely, a sudden tremor would come over him, and he would sink down exhausted.

The cheery voice of his old master failed to meet with a quick response as of old, and the kind hearted showman found that his pet had become deaf as well as blind, and that *Excelsior's* race was about run.

Yesterday night the old horse was brought into the ring for the last time. He went through a part of the performance, but before it was half over he had to be led out, trembling, and scarcely able to walk.

Mr. Rice then in a little speech which was full of pathos, told the crowd that Excelsior who had travelled with him for the past eighte n years, and was almost a child to him, could not live much longer.

He had been his constant companion, and had helped to make most of the money he had during that time. He loved him not so much for this as for the almost human traits and human intelligence that he possessed and now that he was about to die felt a pang in his heart as if he was indeed human.

The old horse he said would be taken to Mr. Connelly's stable on Baymiller street, where everything that was possible would be done to make him comfortable, and when he died he would have an honorable interment.

The father of him he called *Old Excelsior*, when he died at Baltimore many years ago, was buried with great praise, and he (Mr. Rice) would look to his friend Griswold. the Pat Contributor, to that *Excelsior's* remains received similar attention.

At the conclusion of his speech the showman's eyes filled with tears, and not a few of his auditors joined with him.

☞ "The Ephippic Disease." "The Typhoid Laryngite," "The Equine Plague," "The Epizooty," "The Epizootic Evil," "The Malarial Incubus," "The Hippopathic Embarassment," or plain "*Horse Disease*." Take your choice.

READ AND RUN.

—Murders are becoming almost as common in Boston, we regret to say, as in New York.

—The small pox is reported on the decrease hereabouts.

—All sides are relieved at the final close of election work. The people clearly think more of their industries than of politics.

—The two women, Woodhull and Claflin, have been arrested and locked up in a New York jail, for publishing an indecent libel on persons who stand high in the community.

—The Treasury department has kept so close at the heels of the counterfeiters that there has been very little done of late in that rather dangerous business.

—For ten days, while the horse distemper raged the worst in Boston, there was not an alarm of fire.

—The Walter Scott monument has at length been dedicated in Central Park, the poet Bryant pronouncing the fit oration.

—Murders are becoming so common in Washington that the authorities resolved to try a rigid course of *sus. per coll.* by way of remedy.

—The emigration from all Germany to this country at the present time is beyond all ordinary reckoning. It seems as if half the nation was coming over.

—The troops of Indians that have of late been in Washington, have all gone West to their reservations.

—The Eastern Railroad Company has begun upon the experiment of cheap early-and-late trains for working men, carrying them ten miles for five cents fare.

—People have had a chance to realize, since the horses were so affected, how dependent they all are on the constant service and assistance of these dumb animals.

—The German expedition to the Polar Ocean is reported to have made some very strange discoveries, which will be shortly brought before the public.

—Boston is extending and expanding at a marvellous rate. The South Boston Flats are to be filled, and Wassington street is to be extended to Haymarket Square and Charlestown. These improvements will bring about some great municipal changes.

—Broad and narrow gauge railroads have become a lively subject of discussion in the city of Mexico.

—The time may come when the telegraph will not be regarded as the first and best servant of crime and violence, but bound to advance other and better interests.

—The Emperor of China was married on the 16th of October.

—The city has what is jocularly styled "the champion catest," in the person of a young clerk who can clear fifty-five dishes at his boarding house and then adjourn to Parker's.

—Base ball is over for the season, and the newspapers will have rest.

—The Congregational Fair in this city netted twelve thousand dollars.

—The horse epidemic has had the effect to terminate the trotting matches prematurely.

—The Philadelphia Mint is melting one million gold pieces to be made over into pieces of a larger denomination.

—The English historian, Froude, opens his course of lectures on Ireland in this city next week.

—The horsefiesh has naturally receded, but will doubtless regain its lost position in due time.

—The funeral of Mrs. Greeley drew a very large assembly to the church of Rev. Dr. Chapin, in New York.

—Oxford Music Hall, recently destroyed by fire, was the finest hall in all England, and its destruction entails a money loss of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

—The horse disease appears to pass over the country from the north to the south. The mystery of it has by no means been found out yet.

—In the case of Mayor Hall, of New York, the jury were unable to find a verdict and were therefore discharged.

—There are no present apprehensions that the religious differences in Germany will end in another Thirty Years' War.

—A murderer who was to have been hanged in North Carolina, escaped from prison on the very morning set for his execution, in the clothes of his wife.

—A crisis exists in Prussia, the Emperor having dissolved the parliament.

—Josh Billings wisely says that love makes young men sober, but old men gay.

—The tax payers thronged City Hall last week. On one day alone, over four hundred thousand dollars were paid in.

—Illinois tried the new, or cumulative, system of voting on Tuesday.

—An elk team is the particular weakness of a St. Louis sportsman.

—It will take three years to complete the filling of one hundred acres of the South Boston flats.

—Marseilles is to publish a Greek journal All tongues are to be heard there.

—The counsel for Mrs. Fair, of San Francisco, have sued her for their services and attached her bank account.

—A doctor in San Francisco has taken out a patent for an eight hundred mile walk along the Pacific coast.

—They make biscuit in Paris, which are stamped with a portrait of President Thiers. It is so hard that it brings Thiers to cat it.

—Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, boasts that he is the only public man who has never been interviewed. He will do to go with the one man in this country who boasted that he had never read Uncle Tom's Cabin.

—During the continuance of the Exposition at Vienna next year, no buildings are to be allowed to be erected in the city.

—The spiritualist Home is soon to return to the United States.

—A duplicate of the Great Eastern steamship is to be built, of course for purposes of ocean navigation. A few more such would crowd all the smaller vessels off the high seas.

—A forty mile fence is one of the belongings of a Texas farm.

—Forty thousand Russians are said to be booked for Nebraska.

—A woman in Arizona has had three husbands murdered in the past ten years. One would suppose that the fourth man would be afraid to marry into that family.

—A Michigan woman has placed herself under three hundred dollar bonds not to scold her neighbors for a whole year. Such bonds do not command a premium in the New England market.

—The wife of Vincent Collyer, who died by an accident at Darien, Conn., was Miss Mary Hancock, and one of the last of the last of the residents in the old Hancock House, next the State House.

—Sothern has brought back Lord Dundreary with him to Boston.

—The King and Queen of Saxony have just celebrated their golden wedding.

—The inundations along the banks of the Po continue, and at least forty thousand persons have thus far been disturbed in their homes and possessions.

—The health of Chief Justice Chase is such that it is given out that he will shortly take a trip to the Pacific.

—The cholera is reported to have made its appearance in Vienna, Prague, and Berlin. It is evidently working its way westward.

—General Sherman hopes to be able, within the coming year, to apply some of his ideas gathered in Europe to the management of the army at home.

—Important changes in the Treasury Department are in preparation for the consideration of the next Congress.

—The Kansas Pacific Railroad Company has brought suit against the Union Pacific, for alleged breach of contract, laying the damages at a million of dollars.

—The practice of clipping horses is claimed to be beneficial for those now suffering from the prevailing distemper.

—Mr. Bergh has kept his eyes out sharply upon the horse railroad companies of New York, since the epidemic has stricken the horses.

—A dog fight that lasted five hours was the amusement of an assembly of brutes, a few days since, in Hoboken.

—Ninety thousand slaves are said to be annually imported from Africa into Turkey.

—The Cunard steamers are constantly increasing their freight and passenger list at this port.

—The long projected Union (or Marginal) Freight Railway in this city has been completed and put in operation within a week, and wonderfully relieves the freight blockade at the railway termini by carrying freight from one to the other across the heads of the principal wharves.

—The murder of young Miss Lovering, in Northwood, N. H., is one of the most revolting on record.

—Brookline is in earnest this time for annexation to the city. The work will no doubt be consummated this winter.

—Two new naval expeditions for the survey of a route connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are about to start, the points of search being the Darien and Nicaragua routes.

—A new animal has been discovered in the water off Savannah, called the "Sea Cat." It proves not to have been drowned there, as many cats are in fresh water.

—A movement is on foot for the erection of a fitting monument, by public subscription, to the late General William L. Schouler.

TRAGEDY AT NORTHWOOD, N. H.

The usually quiet town of Northwood has been recently the scene of one of the most shocking and fiendish murders ever recorded in the criminal annals of the country. The victim was Miss Georgiana Lovering, and her murderer was Franklin B. Evans. Evans has led a strange roving life, living by his evils, and at one time called himself a second advent preacher. He is now about sixty-four years old. The victim was a young girl of about thirteen, an only child of a widowed mother. Evans was on familiar terms with her, and one day her sudden disappearance excited most anxious alarm, and not being found the neighborhood was aroused, and every place searched. She was known to have gone into the woods for Evans to look at some snares for him, and suspicion and inquiry were at once pointed at him. After some search portions of her clothing were found in the woods, and traces of a violent struggle. Evans was arrested, and after persistently denying the deed, was at last by the searching inquiries of Sheriff Drew induced to confess the deed. He promised to lead the sheriff to where the body was buried, and the narrative of the search is told in the full report of a correspondent of the *Journal*. It is a most thrilling and touching scene.

THE MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

The Sheriff and prisoner started with a team for the wood where the girl was last seen, and reached there about midnight. Leaving the carriage, the Sheriff took his lantern and told Evans to lead the way. They were soon in the forest, and a more dismal night's journey cannot easily be imagined. The darkness was intense, and as they went along nothing was audible save the rustling of the leaves under their feet, and the wind moaning dismally through the trees. They passed the spot where the apron was found, and got over the fence where the broken comb was discovered, but not a word escaped the lips of either man. Then they entered the swamp where stones, fallen trees and treacherous bog holes made locomotion very difficult. They often went into the mud and both of them fell several times. Suddenly Evans stopped and seemed bewildered, said he had lost the trail and must go back to the fence and start again. Conflicting thoughts then came into the Sheriff's mind, but he did not waver for a moment. He motioned with his lantern, and both went back over the toilsome way to the brush fence. Evans looked around carefully, and without uttering a word again started into the swamp. Once more they were threading their way through the difficult morass. The obstructions were even more formidable than before. At length, wet and bruised, they reached a bleaker spot than they had heretofore seen. It was a hollow filled with pools, and with rocks and other debris. One very large tree had fallen, and its roots were so imbedded in the soil that they tore up the earth for a considerable space.

Close to the ground, under a large revolving mass of fibres and earth, Evans pointed his finger and said "There." The Sheriff said "What?" The prisoner answered again—"There!" Then Evans, half kneeling, stooped and carefully scraping away some leaves disclosed something white, and again said "There!" The Sheriff then laid his hand upon the object, and saw that it was the body of the poor murdered girl.

When the Sheriff touched the body the prisoner said with perfect composure, "That's she." Mr. Drew then pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and said, "Fra ik, stand still." Evans cried out, "Don't put them on." But it did not avail, and in a moment he was in irons. Then the prisoner fell on his knees and said: "Mr. Drew, I have but one favor that I implore of you, which is that you will shoot me on the spot." The simple reply was, "You will not be harmed." The party all gathered round the remains of the murdered girl. It was a solemn scene, rendered more so if possible by the weirdness of the place, and the darkness, through which flickered the light of the lantern. All uncovered their heads as the surgeon, under the direction of the authorities, lifted the body from its resting place. The face wore a calm and pleasant expression, and showed only two very slight marks. The left eye had been plainly the prints of fingers, showing that she was undoubtedly strangled. Her dress and skirts were in a bunch around her waist, and beautiful as it may seem, the body was probably dragged through the swamp. Then portions of the clothing were removed by the surgeon, and a spectacle was presented that filled the stoutest heart present. Every person turned pale, and there was not a dry eye in the company. Evans himself gave a shriek of anguish that rang out clear and frightful through the wood. It was then stated that the inhuman fiend had not only strangled his victim, but with some sharp instrument had horribly mutilated portions of the body. The jury were unable to find a verdict and were therefore discharged.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Nov. 4, by Rev William G. Babcock, Mr. John F. Burnham to Miss Emma J. Walther, both of this city.

Oct. 30, by Rev. Dr Neale, Mr. George Hicks to Miss Helen J. Brown.

In this city, Oct. 29, by Rev. Wm. H. Decker, Mr. Joseph F. Adams of Washington, D. C., to Miss Mary J. Jeffers of Boston, Mass.

Oct. 28, by Rev. William McCorkle, D D., Mr. Matthias Felton of Philadelphia to Miss Almera Pratt of Boston.

Oct. 31, by Rev. A.J. Sessions, J Harvey McIntyre to A. Ruth, daughter of Russell Cook, Esq., both of Boston.

Nov. 2, by Rev. H. L. Cushman, George A. Stearns of Arlington to Caroline A. Chase of Boston.

Oct. 31, at the residence of the bride's father, F. A Warner, Deputy Secretary of State of the State of Iowa, to Miss Mary M., daughter of Hon. John Dodge of Hanover, N. H.

In Malden, Oct. 31, by Rev. A. P. Foster, assisted by Rev. J. A. Horton, Mr. Spencer B. Forster to Miss Jennie E. Holm, daughter of Capt. J. P. Holm.

In Bangor, Oct. 30, by Rev. Dr. Field, assisted by Rev. Dr. Bingham, Stuart M. Frost of Boston to Miss Annie H. Bartlett, daughter of Hugh Ross of Bangor.

In Freedom, N. H., Oct. 30, by Rev. Mr. Avery, assisted by Rev. Mr. Jarvis, Harriet, daughter of Mr. A Kinley of Freedom to Alfred Rodman of Dedham.

In Cambridge, Nov. 2, by Rev. Charles M. Smith of Somerville, Mr. Alonzo B. Cushing of Somerville to Miss Alice A. Whittier of Cambridge.

In Newport, R. I., Nov. 2, by Rev. James H. Means, A. O. Hawes of Granite Bridge to Miss M. Annie Beale of N.

In South Scituate, Nov. 3, by W. A. C. Fish, Mr. Nathaniel B. Cushing to Miss Julia Clapp all of Scituate.

In Salisbury, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. Frank Locke, Mr. Frank Alerton to Miss Martha Brune, both of S.

In Amesbury, by Rev. H. B. Cump, Dr. A. T. Severance of New Market, N. H., to Mrs. Sarah Lizzie Sargent of A.

In Marblehead, Oct. 28, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Joseph B. Smethurst to Miss Attie S. Frost.

In Beverly, by Rev. Mr Foster, Deacon George Roundy to Miss Mary S. Wesley.

In Salem, Oct. 30, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Frederick W. Hunt to Miss Hattie E. Deland.

In Ipswich, Oct. 27, by Rev. Mr. Peabody, Mr. Asa Lord, jr., to Mrs. Mary Foster.

In Danvers, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Hiram Hook of Danvers to Mrs. Elizabeth O Head of Yarmouth, N. S.

In Gloucester, Oct. 27, by Rev. Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Jos. A. Stackpole to Miss Hannie Butler.

In Haverhill, Oct. 30, by Rev. M. Cushman, Mr. Richard Bair of Mobi., Ala., to Miss Lizzie S. Quimby of Newburyport.

Oct. 31, by Rev. Mr. Emery, Mr. Charles L. Rimball of Haverhill to Miss Hattie N. Sanborn of Groveland.

In Richmond, Me. Oct. 31, by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. John Wilson of this city to Miss Helen A. Alexander of R.

In South Boston, Oct. 29, by Rev. Edward A. Rand, Mr. Edward C. Anderson of Boston to Miss Rachael Ann of Gloucester.

In Cranberry Isles, Oct. 31, by Rev. W. T. Stowe, Mr. Benjamin F. Gardner to Miss Susan E. M. Buckman all of C.

In South Natick, Oct. 31, by Rev. Mr. Fisher, assisted by Rev. Mr. Alger, Maggie K. Ingalls of Natick to Rev. Edward H. Gannett of Washington, D. C.

In Worcester, Oct. 28, by Rev. R. R. Shippen, Walter G. Bair of Columbus, Colm., to Miss Ella M. and Miss Whitcomb, Esq., of Worcester.

In East Boston, Oct. 29, by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, Mr. Charles Leeds of Boston to Miss Annie M. Cleveland of Chelsea.

Oct. 20, (Dorchester District) by Rev. J. H. Means, Mr. Lucius H. Foster to Miss Annie M. Preston.

In Scituate, Oct. 27, by Rev William H. Pitch, Mr. Eliza Carr of Scituate to Mrs. Sarah H. Davis of Abington.

In Cohasset, Oct. 30, by Rev. Joseph Osgood, Mr. George H Bellows of Scituate to Addie E. Bates of Cohasset.

In Taunton, Oct. 24, by Rev. R. C. Waterston, Mr. Josiah Hinman of Chicago to Miss Susan E. Bean of T.

In Groton, Oct. 23, by Rev. J. M. L. Babcock, assisted by Rev Crawford Nightingale, Mr. Charles C. Robinson of Boston to Miss Gertrude Phillips Bancroft, daughter of Mr. George C. Bancroft of Groton.

In Cambridgeport, Oct. 31, by Rev. B. F. Bowles, Andrew Wetherbee of Jamaica Plain to Anabel, daughter of the late William B. Nye of Nahwich, Me.

In Sandwich, Oct. 24, by Rev. James Mulligan, Mr. Henry A. Belcher of Rindolph to Miss Hannah B., daughter of Stephen B. Nye, of Sandwich.

In Lawrence, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. L. Houghton, Mr. Freeman H. Merrill to Mrs. Eliza J. Hutchins, both of L.

Oct. 29, by Rev. C. A. Hayden, Mr Benjamin Craven to Miss Annie R. Wilkinson.

Oct. 26, by Rev. Mr. Hayden, Mr. John F. Cosgrove to Miss Ella M. Blanchard all of L.

DEATHS.

In this city, Oct. 31, James G. Bigelow of Bolton, 20 yr. Nov. 2, Rebecca, wife of F. W. Barton, 38 yrs.

Nov. 2, Mrs. Rebecca W., wife of Thomas T. Hall, 71 mos.

Oct. 30, Mrs. Rebecca G. Burridge, a native of Medford, Mass., 88 yrs.

Oct. 28, Edith Lincoln, daughter of Seth and the late Mary E. Forter, of South Scituate.

Nov. 4, Mary H. W. wife of the late Major Samuel B. Foster, 53 yrs.

Oct. 31,

ALBANY MARKET.

...was the usual attendance of dealers from ...Brighton, and several from our river ...reamed cattle but it took them some time ...minds when to make a strike. The Buf... ...ed dull this week and an unusually large ...came forward in first hands. Three brids ...competition with those bought in Buffalo ...regular deniers. Western drovers seem ...take them either to New York or Brighton, ...them here even at a sacrifice. ...ade has not been active, a fair amount of ...ested for the season. Not so many here ...as in the summer season, for a large num... ...change of diet, and poultry, game, pork, ...bles are more acceptable than beef. ...week numbers 322 cars by the Central and ...ahanna, equal to 7,324 head, which is up... ...more than last week. But 'hey will all ...large proportion now in yards and should ...

...ing the sales of la t week with those of ...ed last quarter exhibit a change to make. The ...about the same. There perhaps was ...of tops, at the same time the medium ...er. There were 40 cars Texans embraced ...

...sold the best herd in market, consisting ...om Ohio Steers, averaging 1,554 lbs, at 5c. ...Henry Livingston sold 4 head prime, ...at the same price, and the balance of the ...& J. Battersby sunds a selection of 10 ...herd of Ohio steers belonging to H. C. ...they paid 7½c. Good to choice butchering ...ity, and Texas from 4@6c.

...The following are the receipts of the week ...from the books of the Central railroad.

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
.....	12	7	60
.....	23	7	60
.....	7	7	60
.....	78	26	47
.....	79	25	38
.....	142	24	31
.....	04	06	25
.....	332	82	252

...a comparative statement of the receipts ...the Central Railroad for the week end... ...and previous, estimating cattle 17 head to ...9, and hogs 1-0.

...week.	Last week.	Total since Jan. 1.
6,324	5,236	319,359
16,400	19,200	956,400
29,300	40,500	1,910 0 0

...table of comparative value to correspond ...ing of the market this week:

	This week.	Last week.
....	$8 62½@8 00	$8 50@8 25
.....	7 50@7 62½	7 50@7 75
.....	6 75@7 25	6 75@7 25
.....	5 50@6 00	5 50@6 00
.....	4 50@5 00	4 50@5 00
.....	2 37½@4 25	2 37½@4 25

...Only a few received and those were taken ...them market. The ruling of the market ...igher the range being from $3 50@5 for ...fair ordinary milker of good appearance ...high as $65@75; poor cows sell nearly at ...

...sale—The supply during the week and up ...nese numbers 82 car loads. Of sheep the ...has been good, rather more than last ...ek it has been full as good. The demand, ...l, Eastern, Southern and local buyers ...ly of the better qualities. Large numbers ...ders. The ruling of the market is about ...week. We quote sheep, 4@5c. Lambs ...

...—Quite an active demand was experi... ...ade of cattle, and the few in market were ...up at the prices ranging from 5@6c. ...arket rules more active and higher. ...ered 5c @ 100 lbs. The local trade has ...al buyers, though a few were taken for ...e 350 loads received, however, a large ...consigned through. Western range from ...Journal.

CHICAGO MARKET.

...le little to be said of a favorable change ...ing the past week, excepting a very good ...ssected for Texas and Cherokee steers, ...and butcher's account. The demand was ...confined to Texans, Cherokees and natives ...ce taken by packers, feeders and city ...the exception of a few good to choice drove that ...New York and Albany, for which $5 load ...e was an active demand for Texan cattle, ...e in prices. The stringency in the money ...ressed an unfavorable influence on the ...chief obstacle in the way of shipping ...et that the surplus stock that is usually ...ket at this season of the year from the ...now taking the place of Western stock in ...kets, and as such stock is generally better ...ers, and as such stock is generally better ...

Expressly for the Ploughman.

KITCHEN MARKET.

week ending Nov. 7, 1872.

RETAIL PRICES.

QUINCY MARKET.

&c.	Pork, Lard, &c.	
Holden & ards, No. 25.	*Corrected by Flint & Rich ards, No. 29.*	
...33 @35	Fresh Pork, ₩ lb...11	@12
...28 @30	Clear Salt Strips... 9	@10
...23 @25	Mess Pork	@
...20 @22	Single Ham..... 16	@16
...12 @16	Corned Shoulders...	@16
...@15	Brickets 9	@13
...@20	Smoked Shoulders. 9	@13
...@20	Smoked Rolled Ribs..... 2	@13
...@20	Sausages.....	@13
...@20	Pigs' Feet.....	@ 4
...@20	Lard	@12
Veal & Mutton.		
Corrected by Hixon & Son No. 9 & 11.		
...@30	Veal, Leg	@28
...@15	Veal, Shoulder	@24
...@14	Lamb, Spring, ₩ 17	@20
...@18	Mutton, Legs 14	@20
...@18	Mutton, Shoulder ..13	@15
...@		
...@		
Poultry, Game, &c.		
Holden & Rich, Nos. 33 & 35.		
...@3 00	Partridges pr. 1 00	@1 25
...@ 50	Pigeons, Stall	
...@	Tame, pair.....	@ ..
...@ 24	Wild Squab, do ...	@ ..
...@ 25	Ducks, Mallard	@
...@ 25	Tame, ₩ pair ...	@
...@ 20	Teal, ₩ pair...	75@1 00
...@ 75	Brant, ₩ pair...	@
...@1 00	Venison	20@ 30
Fish, &c.		
Walker & Rich, Nos. 113 and 117.		
...@ 12	Mackerel, Spanish, ₩ lb ...	@ 50
...@ 12	Oysters, solid ...	@1 00
...@ 12	₩ gallon.....	@1 00
...@ 13	Perch, ₩ dozen ...	@ 75
...@ 15	Pickerel	17 @ 20
...@ 7	Quohaugs, solid, ₩ quart ...	@ 50
...@ 12	Salmon, fresh ...	@ 50
...@ 12½	Salmon, Pickled ...	@ 50
...@ 17	Salmon, new, Smoked ...	25 @ 30
...@ 20	Scollops, ₩ qt. ...	@ 50
...@ 25	Smelts, ₩ doz ...	@ 25
...@ 20	Sword Fish ...	@ 25
...@ 75	Tautaug	@ 25
...@ 75	Tongues and Sounds	@ 13½
...@ 25	White Perch ...	@ 13½
Fruit and Vegetables. *Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97 and 99.*		
...@ 50	Beets, peck ...	25 @
...@ ..	Beans, sh'd, qt.	@ 10
...@ 12	Beans, sh'd, qt.	10 @ 15
...@ 25	Cabbages ₩ doz ...	50 @1 00
...@ 75	Carrots, ₩ bush ...	75 @1 00
...@ ..	Cauliflowers ...	@ ..
...@ ..	Corn, Green, da ...	25 @ 37
...@ 10	Cucumbers, ea. ...	@ 10
...@ 12	Green Herbs to ...	@ 10
...@ ..	Lettuce, ₩ bd. ...	@ 6
...@ ..	Lime, pickled, ₩ gal.	@ 50
...@ ..	Onions, Bermudas, ₩ bush	25 @ 50
...@ ..	Onions, Potato, ₩ bush	50 @ 75
...@ 75	Peas, Green, ₩ bush	50 @ 75
...@ 75	Pickles, Martinique, ₩ gal ...	25 @ 37
...@ ..	Potatoes, sweet, pk	@ 50
...@ ..	Potatoes, ₩ bush ...	@ 50
...@2 00	Canteloupe ...	@ 50
...@2 00	Squashes, Marrow, ₩ bbl ...	@ 2
...@ ..	Squashes, Hubbard, ₩ lb. ...	50 @ 75
...@ ..	Tomatoes, ₩ bush ...	@ 75
...@ ..	Tomatoes, new, ₩ bush, ea/ 1 25	@2 50
...@ ..	Tomatoes, can...	@ 25

WHOLESALE PRICES.

QUINCY MARKET.

&c.	Pork, Lard, &c.	
Holden & ...	*Corrected by Flint & Rich ards, No. 29.*	
...@18 00	Pork, Boston ...	20@20 00
...@18 00	Boston, No. 1 ...	19 00@20 00
...@20 00	Boston No. 2 ...	18 00@19 00
...@18 00	Ohio ex. clear ...	17 00@18 00
...@17 00	Ohio ex. clear ...	16 00@17 00
...@16 00	Ohio mess ...	15 00@16 00
...@15 00	Ohio prime...	14 00@15 00
...@14 00	Lard, ₩ lb ...	9@12
...@13 00	Ohio leaf ...	9@12
...@ 04	Hams, Boston ...	14@15
...@ 09	₩ lb	6@ 8
...@ 25	Hogs, whole ...	6@ 7
Butter, Cheese, Eggs.		
Corrected by C. C. Cha ...		
...ton & Co., No. 79.		
BUTTER.		
Fine Fall ...	32	@ 35
Choice Dairies, 26		@ 30
Fair to good dairies....	23	@ 25
Common...	15	@ 20
Bakers', ₩ pail.	10	@ 12
CHEESE		
Factory ...	14½	@ 15½
Factory 2d do	13	@ 14
Farmers' ex.	13	@ 14
Farmers' ord	09	@ 12
EGGS.		
Eggs, fresh ...	26	@ 27
Eggs, limed ...	23	@ 24

HAY MARKET.

RETAIL.

..., per ton ...	32 00@34 00
..., per ton ...	28 00@32 00
...	30@35
...	1 20@1 50

WHOLESALE.

...	27 00@28 00
...	25 00@27 00
...	25 00@27 00

SEED MARKET.

...r, Beck & Sons, 51 & 53 North Market St.

...el 2@2½	Hungarian Grass ...	@ 2
	Seed, ₩ bush....	@2 50
...@ 8	Millet, ₩ bush ...	@2 50
4@5	Red Top, ₩ sack.	4 00@4 50
10 @ 12	R. I. Bent Grass ...	@2
4 00@4 50	₩ bush	@
...@ 6	Winter Rye, ₩ bush	1 00@1 25
4 00@4 50	Wheat, Spring, ₩ bush	2 50@3
3 75@4 00	Orchard Grass, ₩ bush	@

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

At last I find myself in New York, where they speak of Boston as being down east. I have been here two days; but still I have not seen the whole of it. I have seen what they brag of most, however, the Central Park, which of course is a good deal of a park, but still I would rather have Boston Common. A New Yorker would understand by this that I am easily satisfied; and I am.

I journeyed up to the Park, and walked in it till I was tired, and then spent some time with the animals. There were animals in cages and animals walking about loose, and some of those in the cages resembled those outside so much that it was hard to tell which was the original. I have no doubt Darwin would have been able to pick them out, however. The show of animals at the park is certainly very fine; they have tigers, wild cats, lions, monkeys, bisons, woodchucks, elephants, porcupines, every kind that Noah took into the Ark, probably, and nearly every kind now known, except the wooley horse and the wonderful guyascutis. Barnum has very kindly loaned the city his elegant span of giraffes, and they look very funny eating hay out of a box twelve feet high; and they have a nest of young lions—little dears, that look as if they were most old enough to get their own living. The animals, except the monkeys, all seemed very sleepy; which is not to be wondered at, because it was Sunday afternoon. I went to church in the morning; to Plymouth Church, and heard Beecher; and of course I couldn't finish the day more appropriately than by visiting the great New York menagarie, the best in the country.

The crowds around the buildings containing the animals and birds were difficult to get through, and I suppose more people visit them on Sunday than any other day. And the equipages on the driveways, too, were very numerous a continuous stream, often two or three abreast, and eminently sensational. I envied no one there, but still I might have been induced to change places with some of them.

Hotels in this city are conducted on the principle that every man intends to go away without paying his bill; at least it is so where I am stopping, and the effect upon the upright mind of a Boston man is humiliating. The morals of the two cities are evidently different; as in Boston they are willing to believe a man honest till he has shown himself a rogue, while in New York they take it for granted that he is a scamp anyway.

New York grows fast, and probably will be a great city some time. It has ten beggars to Boston's one,—hundreds of such pitiable objects in the streets, in fact, as one never sees in Boston; poor miserable men and women, with lank, grimy faces, and clad in greasy, dirty, threadbare, patched and tattered garments dating a score of years back, seeking in a hundred ways for wherewith to keep a reluctant spirit within its repulsive tenement. Why should they do it? Why cling to such misery? The instinct to live is indeed strong.

The piers for the bridge that is to connect Brooklyn with this city are well under way, that on the Brooklyn side being apparently nearly completed. There is a massiveness about them that is impressive, a solidity that assures one they will be able to support safely any superstructure that can be placed upon them.

Perhaps some of the readers of the *Ploughman* have not been to Plymouth Church. It's a modest structure—nothing sensational about that—a plain red brick edifice, without any steeple, that I could discover. There might have been one on the other end of the church, but there was none on the end that I went in at. Inside, the church is as modest as it is out, and not so large as I expected. A heavy looking organ rises in the back part, in front and on the flanks of which are seats for the choir, some twenty-five or thirty in number, and in front of these and a little lower down is a platform, on which is the parson's chair and the small desk for the Bible. The pews in front are arranged in circular form, and all around, reaching from one side of the organ to the other, is a broad gallery, over which, in the front part of the house, is another, looking very much like the same sort of place in a theatre. All the room was utilized—every bit—temporary seats filling the aisles, and before Mr. Beecher came the house was full, crowds filling the doorways and passages, and more still coming. A vase of autumn leaves stood upon a fragile stand by the side of the desk on the platform, and on a small table at the right of Mr. Beecher's chair was another vase containing flowers, seasonable and sober looking, reminding one, with the leaves, of the fading year.

Mr. Beecher preached—just about as I expected he would; but he preached longer than I expected, continuing his discourse till half-past twelve; though he began it at the usual time. Evidently he had not exhausted his ideas when he left off; but I suppose he thought "enough was as good as a feast."

When they sing in Mr. Beecher's church they sing by grace. At least he remarked, before beginning his sermon, while he made some suggestions about developing their musical capacities still more, that "we do not sing as birds sing, by nature, but they sing by grace,—if they sing at all." After the opening of that part of the service by the choir, the whole congregation united in singing the hymns that were given out, and I never heard such singing in church before. It was almost equal to the Jubilee. I don't think it will do any one any harm to hear Mr. Beecher preach, and I advise every one who spends a Sunday in New York to go to Plymouth Church.

I have followed the shore from Boston to New York, but now I am going to strike through New Jersey to the city of brotherly love, and when I get there I may possibly find a Dutchman, who can tell me something new,—how to make sauer kraut, or something that will be worth writing about. Agriculturally speaking I have not seen much that past week, except several large onion patches in the lower towns of Connecticut, at which I was inclined to weep, thinking of times past when I raised onions too. If I live you shall hear from me again. But that is uncertain.

CORPORAL SQUIB.

New York, Oct. 21, 1872.

THE HORSE PLAGUE.—The horse plague has probably very nearly run its course in this vicinity and in the Eastern States, but our despatches show that it is spreading throughout the West and to the southward with alarming rapidity—Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Washington, while cities as far south as Charleston are now beginning to realize the unpleasant effects of the unprecedented visitation, and it now seems likely that the scourge will sweep over the entire country. In this city, while nearly every horse is affected, there are many recovering, and the places of some of those which performed especially important service have been temporarily filled. The inconvenience to business interests is very great, however, and our streets fail yet to present the activity which should characterize their appearance. A few cases are proving fatal, but this is due generally to a lack of proper care and a tendency on the part of avaricious horse owners to work their animals as long as possible. This infection will teach us that the horse occupies a more important position in the world's economy than his general use has indicated. His presence and services have been so much a matter of course, that in estimating the part played by steam and electricity, we have in a measure lost sight of the fact that the equine race is perhaps as important an a junct to our prosperity and progress as either of those agents, and were we compelled to part with one of the three, we should certainly not elect to give up our faithful horses. It is now to be hoped that the awakened appreciation thus entertained by the community at large will henceforth secure better treatment of the social quadrupeds, and that we shall need no longer to learn us or duty in this regard.—*Albany Journal.*

THE INTER OCEANIC CANAL PROJECT.—During the coming winter the feasibility of an Interoceanic Canal, either over the Darien or the Nicaraguan route, will be fully determined. The plans detailed for the expedition have been matured by the experience by which they will profit in making the next survey. The Darien survey will be under the command of Commander Thomas O. Selfridge, and the Nicaraguan survey under the command of Commander Edward P. Lull. Commander Selfridge will, with his party, consisting of Lieuts. Craven and Sullivan of the Navy, cross the Isthmus by rail to Panama, and there join one of the vessels of the Pacific fleet, in which he will proceed down the coast, to the place decided upon for striking across the navigable waters of the Atrato river can be the most readily reached. The survey will not occupy more than four months at the farthest, and the Darien expedition will probably be back by the last of June following, which will be giving them ample time for all unavoidable delay.

The Nicaragua Expedition will start earlier than the Darien, as the party is somewhat larger and the surveys to be made are more extensive. Field operations will commence from the Atlantic coast, and their first point of departure will be Hampton Roads, from whence a man-of-war will carry them to Greytown, which will be the headquarters of the Expedition. The officers thus detailed to assist in this important work are Lieut. Commander Shuftze and Lieuts. Leutze, Moses and Hawker. Should practicable routes be discovered, the whole question will be reduced to a matter of dollars and cents, and whichever route is found to be the cheapest, all other things being equal, that will be the one over which the canal will pass.

☞ WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA, *is the prompt, efficient and safe* master of such troubles as loss of appetite, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, melancholy, constipation, wind, mental and physical delay, mental and physical debility as well as many others which, if neglected, will soon place the victim "where we live in" beyond the reach of any remedy. H. G. WHITE, Proprietor, 107 Washington street, Boston. tf

☞ Soups of all kinds are much improved by the addition of a desert spoonful of the famous Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce. If you try this recipe you will no more go without the Halford than without the soup.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SEA.

The news is received here of the burning of the steamship Missouri, from New York to Havana, which took fire in a gale on the 22d of October, when about twenty-five miles from Abaco. The fire was discovered about 9 A. M. in the pantry, and suddenly burst in volumes of flame amidships, spreading rapidly over the ship. The boats were launched immediately and all but one swamped at once. Those remaining on board were compelled on account of the flames to jump into the sea. Those saved landed in one of the boats on Abaco about 6 P. M., on the evening of the 22d, and were taken from there in a small schooner to Nassau. It was a terrible sight for those in the floating boat to see those in the water clinging to swamped boats and begging for assistance. There were about ten ladies on board.

The fire was first discovered on the floor of the locker in the pantry, and the cry of "fire" was immediately given. Wet carpets were at once put on the fire by the pantrymen and others, and the stewards reported to the passengers that the fire was out. The alarm was given while the passengers were eating breakfast, but on receiving the steward's report that the fire was extinguished, breakfast was resumed and the fears of the passengers quieted. Within two minutes, however, several voices screamed "fire" from the stoke hole. All was then confusion.

Two of the boats were burned alongside of the vessel, and there is no probability that the others ever reached the shore. It is probable that not a single life would have been saved had it not been for James Culmer, a resident of Eleuthera and a passenger on board. A new boat had been purchased in New York and placed on deck, but as the weather had been boisterous, she had not been secured either by gripes or chocks. When it was known that the vessel would be destroyed, Culmer with a few others launched this boat, holding fast to the painter, when he jumped over board and swam to the boat, and eleven others followed, and even then, had it not been for Culmer, who was acquainted with the management of a boat, and took charge and piloted her safely through the surf she would have been lost with the others.

Out of a list of about forty passengers and fifty or sixty crew, but twelve are known to have been saved, who were picked up in the boat as above mentioned. Among the lost passengers was Col. S. Albert Evans, of San Francisco, an old journalist, for many years the editor of the Alta, and author of the book "Our Sister Republic." He accompanied Wm. H. Seward on the latter's Mexican tour. He was the San Francisco agent of the Associated Press, and a man universally popular and extensively known on the Pacific coast.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION—ADDRESS OF THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

London, Oct. 30.—The Marquis of Ripon, who presided over the High Joint Commission which framed the Alabama treaty at Washington, delivered an address last night at Ripon, Yorkshire, upon the results of the arbitration at Geneva. The speaker expressed himself thankful that all the points involved in the Treaty of Washington had been peaceably and amicably settled. He regarded this as a great step toward the preservation of the peace of the world. Though, said the Marquis, the controversy between the two nations had been sometimes keen and eager, the feelings of the two peoples as well as of the respective Governments had never become embittered. He believed that the arbitration at Geneva had been the means of inaugurating good relations between England and the United States that would long endure.

PRINCESS CLOTHILDE.

President Thiers has informed Princess Clothilde, wife of Prince Napoleon, that she is free to remain in France without interference by the Government authorities, if she so desires.

COUNT VON ARNIM.

The German Ambassador to France, has arrived here from Berlin.

THE PRUSSIAN REFORM BILL.

Berlin, Oct. 30.—The Provincial Correspondence of to-day says that the Prussian Government has determined to employ all its power by every constitutional means to carry the County Reform bill through the Upper House of Parliament. Upon the passage of this measure of legislative authority, says the Provincial Correspondence, the power of the Crown and the Government is staked.

CHOLERA

has broken out in Gumbennin, a town of Eastern Prus-ia, sixty-six miles southeast of Konigsberg. Several fatal cases have occurred.

PEARFUL CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

Buda, Oct. 30.—Cholera is making serious ravages here. Ninety-four cases are reported, of which twenty-seven have proved fatal. Among the cases are those of twenty-nine soldiers who were stricken ill simultaneously, and of whom five have died.

THE PRUSSIAN REFORM BILL REJECTED.

Berlin, Oct. 31.—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has finally rejected the Country Reform bill by a vote of 145 to 18. This was done in the face of a threat from the Minister of Interior, that if the measure was defeated the Government would dissolve the Diet and convoke a new one.

THE FLOODS ON THE PO.

Rome, Oct. 31.—Despatches from Turin report that there is no abatement of the floods caused by the overflow of the River Po. Over 4000 men are at work day and night erecting barriers to further progress of the water. The damage to property and crops in the provinces of Mantua and Ferrara are beyond calculation. In Ferrara alone 40,000 persons are homeless. Assistance is being rapidly forwarded from all parts to the suffering people.

THE RHONE RISING.

The waters of the river Rhone are rising. The dykes above the town of Arles are broken in many places, and the extensive plains of the Camargue are inundated.

SWIMMING THE HELLESPONT.

A letter from on board the British sloop-of-war Decarraway, reports that Lieut. Mooney and Gunner Mahoney, of that vessel, on the 25th inst. performed the feat of swimming across the Hellespont from Abydos to Sestos.

INUNDATION OF THE RIVER PO.

Turin, Nov. 1.—The river Po continues to rise, and the inundation is spreading. Families are flying, and those who cannot escape are starving on the housetops and in the trees, where they have taken refuge. The streams are filled with the carcasses of cattle and wrecks of houses and barns. The town of Reggio, fourteen miles from Modea, has almost entirely disappeared beneath the flood.

PROROGATION OF THE PRUSSIAN DIET.

Berlin, Nov. 1.—Gen. Von Roon, Minister of War, to-day read before the Chamber a message from the Emperor of Prussia prorouging the session of the Diet.

THIERS AVERSE TO A LIFE PRESIDENCY.

Paris, Nov 1.—The Secretary-General, M. Bertholemy St. Hilaire, in reply to numerous correspondents, states that M. Thiers does not desire to be made President for life.

FALL OF A COURT ROOM FLOOR.

London, Nov. 3.—While Court was being held yesterday, in Durress, a parish of county Cork, near Banirry, Ireland, the floor of the room gave way, precipitating 200 persons a distance of twelve feet. Several persons were instantly killed, and forty were injured, some of whom may die.

THE PRUSSIAN REFORM BILL.

A dispatch from Pekin announces that the Emperor of China was married on the 16th of October. There was no outside ceremony other than a procession, which escorted the bride from her residence to the Imperial palace.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

Dates from the South African diamond fields, of Oct. 5, say that a report of the discovery of precious stones in Arizona had reached the fields and caused some excitement. There is a depressing effect upon the diamond market. Gold has been discovered.

THE SAN JUAN SETTLEMENT—GENEROSITY OF THE GERMANS.

Berlin, Nov. 3.—Mr. Bancroft, American Ambassador, soon after the Emperor's decision was rendered on the San Juan boundary question, applied to the foreign office for an account of the expenses incurred by the German Government in the course of the Arbitration, with a view to reimbursement. He was informed in reply that the German Government had no bill of expenses against the United States.

PROFESSOR LAW ON THE HORSE DISEASE.—At a lecture on natural science at Cooper Institute, New York, by Professor Law of the Cornell University, the lecturer showed that the present epidemic was no new dis.ase—records existing of its appearance in Greece nearly five hundred years before the Christian era—and was simply an influenza. He then described the symptoms and many of the subsequent consequences, showing that all cases should be treated alike. He traced the course of the present epidemic, and clearly demonstrated that it did not travel in any special direction, and that this, as in all other previous visitations, neither season, temperature, volcanic, electrical or atmospheric effects had anything to do with it.

☞ **"The best"** is a term always applied to *Burnett's* Preparations. They deserve the title.

☞ No difficulty is now experienced in preventing or counteracting the effects of dyspepsia, torpidity of the liver, acidity of the stomach, vertigo, weariness, depression of spirits, disturbed sleep and nervous debility. Partake of Atwood's QUININE TONIC BITTERS, and these diseases quickly disappear.

VEGETINE.—No medicine has attained such a great reputation as this justly celebrated compound.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY
WILLIAM B. WASHBURN,
GOVERNOR:

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

With the advice and consent of the Council, I hereby appoint Thursday, the 28th day of November next, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings wherewith the year has been crowned.

Let us never forget that the custom of observing one day annually in this manner originated with those who were ready to suffer unto death in order that they and their posterity might enjoy freedom in matters of religion and conscience. A little colony of strangers upon a ster le coast, far from kindred and friends, and embarked on a doubtful undertaking, exposed to danger from the Indians and brought into the peril of starvation, they consecrated the day by grateful prayer to Him whose favor and protection they clearly and reverently saw in the seasonable weather and the liberal harvest. Thus recalling what it meant to the men and women by whom it was established, let us rejoice that this precious institution of our early history is becoming nationalized. May its worth and significance speedily be so apparent that every State in the Union will give it glad recognition, and all the inhabitants of the land unitedly join in an anthem of praise to the Lord our Defender and Preserver.

I recommend to the people of Massachusetts that on the day appointed they abstain from their accustomed business and pleasure, and that as they assemble in their homes and their houses of worship they render willing and heartfelt thanks:

That we are spared from famine and pestilence;

That our country continues at peace with all the nations of the earth;

That the equality of right and privilege assured our citizens in suffering so little abuse;

That the ardor and activity of our people are turned to such a multitude of wise and beneficent purposes;

That the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing interests of our Commonwealth have been so generally prospered;

That a steady purpose is manifested to improve the situation of the poor and unfortunate, and to better the condition and prospects of the laboring class;

That so many are moved to strive for the promotion of that Christian liberty and self-respecting intelligence on which the stability of the State and the highest happiness of the individual depend;

And as we gather at our tables and firesides with hearts full of gratitude for the blessings we have received, may we abound in charity of act as well as of feeling, and be ministers of comfort and pleasure to those less favored than ourselves—keeping always in mind that the little things of our lives, as well as the great, are sighs of that spirit which has acceptance with the Father.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, this fifteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety-seventh.

WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

By His Excellency the Governor,
with the advice of the Council,
OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

☞ Now that the epizootic has begun to disappear another disease appears to be attacking the horses. Its symptoms are purple spots upon the eyes and nostrils. The limbs swell and blood oozes from the pores of the skin. In some instances in the past, the feet of horses affected with this disease have been known to rot almost entirely off. Several cases are reported among the horses of the Adams Express Company.

☞ Professor Storer is still under medical treatment at the Amherst Health Institute for paralysis, and in a critical condition, but strong hopes are entertained of his complete ultimate recovery.

New Advertisements.

For Sale.

A PRINDLE'S AGRICULTURAL STEAMER, in good order. Price $40.00.
Call at
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68 Pitts Street, Boston.

Oscar Foote & Co.,

DEALERS in GROUND BEEF and PORK SCRAPS; GROUND OYSTER SHELLS for Fowls. ☞ Cash paid for TOUGH and TRIED TALLOW, HIDES, BONES and GREASE.
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nov6-13t*

FOR SALE.

A Village Farm of 20 acres mowing, tillage, pasturage and woodland, abundance of Fruit of all kinds; 1 mile from Depot; while Schools and Churches are at the door; good neighborhood, splendid location, only 6 miles from seashore, good fishing within ½ mile in the river at the head of navigation. A nearly new 2-story Cottage House and L, 13 rooms, finished in best style, painted and blinded, good cell r under the whole. Large Stable and Carriage House, large Cistern at Stable, good well water, &c.

This fine estate is in Pembroke, 24 miles from Boston, and is worthy of attention.
Price $4700. Terms easy.
JAMES GRAY,
25 Tremont Row, Boston.
nov9-3t

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Wachusett Mountain situated in Princeton, Mass., containing about 600 acres, 400 of it is covered with a good growth of Oak, Beech, Maple and Hemlock timber. 3 miles from Depot, 6 miles from Gardner & Barre Railroad. Good stone house on summit. Also Jones Hill situated in Princeton (a beautiful site for a country residence) containing 100 acres, 75 of which is the best pasture in Worcester county. 25 acres (in one piece) of prime upland mowing and 2 tons of hay cut with a machine.
nov9-1f JOHN BROOKS, Princeton, Mass.

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For Pot Plants and Flowers.
Office, No. 149 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

To one teaspoonful of the Fertilizer add forty teaspoonfuls of earth, and mix thoroughly. Of this mixture, apply for every pot from a gill to a pint with the Watering-pot, one teaspoonful spread equally over the surface, and water as usual. In a week apply again the same quantity, and the growth and appearance of the plant will show if it is needed to apply again.

Being odorless it is not objectionable to keep it in the house. No more must be applied at first than mentioned, as it is very powerful and might injure the plant if too much were used.

Also for sale by the ton,

SPECIAL FERTILIZERS,

for all field crops, fruits and vegetables.
nov9 Price 50 Cents per Box. 13t

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PEOPLE PROSPER!
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The Poet's Corner.

Written for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

SHADOWS.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

All within my heart is cheerless,
All without is gray and cold,
As the evening shadows deepen,
And the daylight dieth old;
Not a sound awakes the silence,
Sleeping heavy all around,
While the spirit of the season
Breathes upon the whitening ground.

When the sunbeams lately lingered
Mid the pines upon the hill,
One lone bird of summer warbled
Sadly sweet its vesper trill.
Shivering on the swaying branches,
As the sun went down o'er all,
And the withered leaves of autumn
Strewed the ground—a fitting pall.

I would shield it in my bosom
From the blast that swept the hill,
But it flew my gentle wooing,
Shivering in the twilight still.
O, in life, how many wander
From the arms outstretched to save,
Heedless as they seek the shadows,
In whose depths there yawns a grave.

Thus I mused as home returning,
And the past appeared in thought;
Olden scenes again revealing
Till my heart their sadness caught.
And I saw two parents lonely,
Dimmed their sad eyes were with tears.
Drooped their white heads low with sorrow,
White, alas! but not with years.

They had oped their arms in pleading,
Their loved child from vice to win,
But the wine cup's luring poison
Drowned his conscience deep in sin.
Of their breaking hearts unmindful,
With temptation for a guide,
He was lost within the shadows,
A bubble on the tide.

From my casement I am gazing,
While the darkness masks the hill,
And the shadows of the vanished
Gather o'er my spirit still.

Boston Highlands, Oct. 28, 1872.

Ladies' Department.

A ROMANCE OF GILA BEND.

The day that brought us to Oatman's Flat was murky and gloomy—a day in full harmony with the character of the country through which we were travelling. We descended into the Flat by an abrupt fall in the road, that landed us at once among a clump of scraggy, darkling willows, drooping wearily over a sluggish little creek. In the distance glittered the white sand bed of the Gila; and half buried in it, here and there, were the ghastly, water bleached limbs of the trees that the river had uprooted in its annual frenzy. *Verde*, or grease wood, as ragged and scraggy as the willows, covered the whole Flat, excepting where, toward the centre, a dilapidated shanty stood on a sandy, cheerless open space. Not far from it were the remains of a fence, inclosing some six paces of uneven ground; and on the only upper rail left of the inclosure sat a dismal-looking, solitary crow.

The Flat was repulsively dreary and desolate; and when Sam, the driver, pointing to it with his whip, said it was the spot where the Oatman family had been murdered and lay buried, it added nothing to its attractiveness. Only one of the whole family escaped—a little chap, who crawled away, after he had been left for dead, and brought the white people from the next settlement to the scene of the massacre. There was nothing to be done but to bury the mutilated corpses.—After this, the place was deserted and shunned, though there had been no more Indian depredations committed for years.

I watched the solitary cabin with a strange fascination. Sam, too, had his eyes fixed on something that might have been the shadow of one of the victims, flitting by the black gap which had once been the door. The place was so weird, and the ghostly shadow chimed in so well with the rest, that I accepted it as a part of the uncanny whole. We were going along at the usual leisurely gait, when Sam suddenly and excitedly whipped up the mules, and leaned out of the ambulance to speak to Phil who drove the army wagon containing our baggage. The road was good and solid, so that I took no alarm; but, when the speed was continued, and the baggage wagon kept thundering close in the rear, I ventured to ask, "Is there danger from Indians, here?"

"There hain't no Injens been seen round here for more'n three years," was the answer.

Traveling from Los Angeles to Tucson, you can, if you so choose, sleep under a roof almost every night, providing you have good teams. There are government forage stations along the whole route, where travellers are "taken in" by the station keepers—though not on government account. I do not say that it is pleasant at all these stations—particularly for a woman, as she will seldom or never meet one of her own sex on the way. When we left Fort Yuma, Sam assured me that I would not see a white woman's face between there and Tucson. We were happily disappointed, for we met not only one, but a whole family of them, one after the other.

At Burke's Station, where we were to pass the night, the first surprise awaited us. The house, a squalid *adobe*, was built in the style common along the route: an open passage-way from front to rear, with rooms on either side. The principal room to the left was bar room and store room; the one to the right, sitting room and bed room, and behind it was the kitchen. The passage way and dining-hall. When the tall young Missourian, mine host, had ushered me into the room on the right, he stepped to the opening leading to the kitchen, and called out:

"Here, Sis; come and speak to the lady."

Obedient to the call, a bashful, half-grown girl appeared, wiping her hands on her apron, and looking up timidly from under long eyelashes. I took her by the hand, "How do you do, child? How in the world did you get here—and where is your mother?" I asked.

Sam and Phil stood in the hall-door, nudging each other, till Sam could restrain himself no longer:

"Why, that's his wife," pointing to young Goliath from Missouri; "and her dad and mam's living in the old shanty down on the Flat. I'll be derned if they don't give me the wust scare I had yet—thought they was Injens—shore!"

"And how old are you!" I asked the girl.

"Almost fifteen," was the answer; and, when the men withdrew, she told me about the rest of her family, whom I would probably see along the road.

A coarse cotton gown, made with a yoke about an inch and a half in depth, was drawn up close around her neck, and hung loose y about her slender, immatured form; her naked feet were thrust into coarse boots, and a large check apron completed her costume. But there was a shy, daisy-like grace about her, that made one forget the dress, and see only the dovelike eyes and the half pensive smile on her face. Her husband treated her in all things like a child; and she obeyed him without a murmur or a question. When we left, he told us that we would find Sis's aunt at Kenyon's Station; and charged us to say that Sis was well, and not the least bit homesick.

We made Kenyon's Station early in the day—Sam and Phil greatly enjoying the prospect of seeing another white woman. She appeared on the threshold, a brawny, coarse-handed woman of about forty, tidy looking, in spite of her bare feet and the short pipe in her mouth. By her side appeared a shock-headed girl of twelve, with eyes agog, and mouth open, at the strange apparition of a civilized looking white woman. The husband stood beside the ambulance—six feet and a half in his cowhide boots—and with a good humored smile on his leathery face. The house, like that at Burke's Station, was *adobe*; but there was an air of homely comfort about it, inside and out, cheerful and inviting.

Aunt Polly was an excellent housekeeper—as viewed from a Texan standpoint—and, after she had in the most neine manner satisfied her curiosity in regard to my looks and general make-up, she commenced preparations for dinner. Sarah Eliza Jane—sole daughter of the house and race—sitting in a low, home-made chair, stared steadily, till she had somewhat blended that the bits of braid and lace in my lap were to be manufactured into a collar, similar to the one I wore. When she learned that the collar was to be for her, she ran out, shouting her pleasure, to her mother. The mother's delight was as frank and hearty as the daughter's; and all at once the secret leaked out that the family was in possession of a fine American cow. Never speak disparagingly to me of Pikes and Texans. It has been my experience that the least kindness shown them is returned tenfold, and the smallest advance of friendliness is met by them half way. When dinner was placed on the table, there came with it the most delicious butter I had eaten for many days, and a cup of the sweetest buttermilk. Aunt Polly's method for making butter was very simple. The cream was poured into a high, tin quart cup, and beaten with a spoon till the butter came—which it did in about fifteen minutes.

Becoming quite intimate, Aunt Polly resumed her pipe, and gave me a short account of her history since emigrating from Texas. The most striking incidents were the loss of her former husband by a stroke of lightning, about ten months before, and the acquisition of her present husband by a stroke of policy, about three months before. Though she did not show me the weeds she had worn on becoming a widow, she exhibited the gorgeous "good clothes" she wore on again becoming a wife. She stood a little distance from me, and spread out the second day's dress admiringly, so that I could see the whole of the pattern, consisting of detached bouquets (brilliantly variegated in color, and gigantic in size) scattered over a plain of light sky-blue. Her husband had proved kind and indulgent; since their marriage he had been at Maricopa Wells, and brought home another dress of many colors—which, alas! had run out of his saddle bags, after a two hour's hard rain, on his way home. I saw the dress pattern, and—"Oh, it was pitiful!"

After this display of good-will and fine clothes, she had a favor to ask of me. Pointing to my trunk, she said her husband was crazy to know whether there was a waterfall in it? He had read so much about waterfalls in the stray papers that fell into his hands, that he had the greatest curiosity in the world to know what they were, and to see one with his own eyes. Aunt Polly had shrewdly guessed it to be a new fashion of "putting up" the hair; but they both had as correct an idea of it as a blind man has of colors. With deep regret I owned that there was no waterfall in the trunk; but, seeing their disappointment, I succeeded, with the aid of a pair of stockings and a pin-cushion, in putting up my hair into quite a little Niagara, to the great delight of these fashion-worshiping people.

How charming and refreshing the grove of trees looked, when you drew up under their shadow at Gila Bend, after days of t ilsome travel over wearisome, arid sand planes, or through an almost interminable wilderness of greasewood and cactus. The whisper of the wind in the trees, the bark of the dog that ran to meet us, and the cackle of the busy hens around the doorway told us that we should find good and happy people here.—There was a solitary house as usual, but it seemed more pretentious than those at the other stations. The passageway was higher and wider, the rooms more numerous, and finished with whitewash and good glass windows. At the windows, curtains; a gray colored counterpane on the bed, and wolf skins in front of it and the lounge.

The station keeper was a tall, black bearded, good looking man, by name George Washington ——. I knew that I should find Sis's eldest sister here, as Mrs. George W——— for she was married on the same day with her Aunt Polly. The blue eyes, under long, silken lashes that met my gaze on the threshold at Gila Bend, were like Sis's—only these were the eyes of a woman; there were the same graceful movements, with more of self-assertion. She might have been eighteen.—Her hands and feet were small, and her rich brown hair, ol ly though not unbecomingly dressed, lay on a forehead, white and pure as that of a child.

No wonder George was proud of his wife, and had tried hard to win as such the bare-footed girl whom he found one day, with her family and some sorry ox-teams, camped near his house, on their way from Texas to California. The emigrants were the girl's mother, her stepfather, her sister, brother, aunt, and the aunt's little girl. Aunt Polly seemed to be the leading man, for to her belonged the two best ox teams, one of which was driven by herself, the other by the girl, Dorinda.—She hired or bought her niece from the stepfather for this purpose, after she lost her husband by lightning; and Dora had been faithful to her task, although nearly worn out crossing the Desert from Maricopa Wells to Gila Bend. After George had taken a deep look into the girl's eyes, he, very disinterestedly, not only invited the whole family to come into his house—as far as they would go in—to rest from the long, hard journey, but the hospitalities extended to the best the place afforded, for both man and beast.

The Texans, content, were in no hurry to move on, and George was apparently in no hurry to have them go. Dora, Sis, and the ten-year-old brother soon became warmly attached to him; and they, with the big dog, Bose, daily wandered off to the Gila to catch fish; wading into the stream, with ever fresh zest, as they recalled that dreadful drag across the waterless desert. George alone remained on the bank, fishing line in hand.

One day, when Dora had watched the cool, clear water gliding swiftly over her sun-browned feet, in silence, she raised her eyes suddenly from under the long, shaded lashes.

"Why do you never come into the water? Don't you like to stand in it?" she asked of George.

"Come, sit here, and I will tell you." She nestled down beside him, and, calling Bose, who laid his head on his master's knee, and looked inquiringly from one to the other, he said: "About three years ago, before I had built this house, I lived in a little shanty, about a mile from the river. The summer was very hot; I had suffered much from the sun and the want of water in crossing the country, and, after the man who came out here with me had gone on to Fort Yuma, I was left entirely alone. When I see you over your ankles in the water now, I am often tempted to call you back; only I know that you are young and strong, and I remember but too well what pleasure there is in it. Besides, you do not remain in it, as I did, for long weary hours, every day, standing in the shade of a willow, catching fish for my dinner. There was little else here to eat then; and I never left off fishing, till I was taken with rheumatism, from which I had suffered years before. I was all alone, and could not move, and would have died of thirst, alone in my shanty, if it had not been for this good dog. A dozen times a day Bose would trot down to the river, dip up a small tin-pail full of water, and bring it to me. Otherwise the faithful old fellow never left my side, day or night; and, though he would, no doubt, nurse me through another spell of rheumatism, it would be dreadful to be sick and alone here, after you and your people are gone."

Dora was tenderly stroking the dog's rough coat. "It would be dreadful," she repeated, absently, a tear rolling from her lashes to her cheek. Her words, and the look in her eyes, thrilled George to his inmost soul.

"Dora"—he said, arresting the hand traveling over Bose's head—"Dora, I am old enough to be your father"—

"Yes," she replied, looking up artlessly—but there was something in his face that made her eyes drop, and the warm blood flush her cheek.

When he spoke again it was of something quite different, and, after a while, the conversation turned to her family. Her stepfather did not always treat her well; he struck her cruelly once—and her mother dared not interfere, knowing his temper but too well.—George could hardly keep from putting his arm about her, to shield her from the man's rough ways; and in his heart he vowed that it should be different, if Dora did but will it so. The stepfather and aunt had spoken of pulling up stakes soon—but Dora was averse to going.

In the evening George proposed to the stepfather that he remain at the station, and "farm it," near the river, while the mother kept house for them all, and served meals to the traveling public of Arizona. From chronic perverseness he refused, saying that he wanted to go to California; and George determined to hasten matters in another direction. He hovered, as much as possible, about Dora, who, since the day by the riverside, had taken Bose into her confidence and affection.—Wherever she went the dog went, too, and his master augured well for himself from this, though Dora was shy and more distant than when she first came to Gila Bend.

One day, the Texans commenced gathering up their "tricks" and making ready to go. Dora's eyes were red, and George—to cheer her, perhaps—proposed a walk to the river bank. When they came back, she seemed even more shy, though she stuck up to him, in the twilight, where he stood by the mess-quite tree, and hastily put her hand into his. He drew her to him quickly, pressed her head to his breast, and murmured, "Thanks, my little girl," as he touched her hair with his lips. An hour later, there was clamor and confusion at Gila Bend. George caused it all, for to him the aunt vehemently declared that she *would* have the girl to drive her ox team into California—she had hired her and paid for her; and the stepfather shouted that he had control of the child, and go she should, whether or no.

Poor George passed a sleepless night. The picture of Dora—barefooted and weary, toiling hopelessly through the sand on the desert—was always before him, and he swore to himself that she should not go; that he would shelter her henceforth from the cruel, burning sun, and the sharp words and sharper blows of her stepfather. Exacting a promise from the emigrants to remain until he returned, he started out alone on his trusty horse, Bose running close by his side. After he left the shelter of the trees, he halted and looked keenly about in every direction. A sharp bark from Bose detected Dora crossing the stetch of land between the road and the river, and when she reached the lone horseman a light bound brought her foot into the stirrup, and her flushed face on a level with his.

"Thanks, my little girl—I knew you would come," he said, as on the night before; but this time he held her face between his hands and looked searchingly into her eyes. "What if they should try to take my little girl away before I come back; would she go off and leave me?"

She met his look fearlessly and confidingly. "Tell me in what direction you are going, and I will run away and follow you, if they break up before you return."

"Toward Fort Yuma. I shall ride day and night, and return to you in ten days. Good by; keep faith and keep courage."

"Good by;" for the first time the soft, bare arms were laid around his neck, and the blushing, childlike face half buried in his full, black beard. "Let me keep Bose here," she called after him; and, at a word from his master, the dog sped after her over the cactus covered ground.

At Gila Bend preparation for departure on George's return were kept on foot, purposely to keep before Dora's eyes the fact that she was expected to go with her people. The days passed, one like the other; there was no event to break the monotony of their desert life. There was no change, but none knew of it or perceived it, except, perhaps, Dora's mother. From a thoughtless, easily guided girl, Dora was changing into a self reliant, strong spirited woman. Her mother knew of her resolve as well as though she had heard her utter it; she looked upon her eldest born with all the greater pride, when she discovered that "the gal had a heap of her dad's grit," as well as his mild blue eyes and gentle bearing.

When the morning of the tenth day dawned, Dora was up betimes, mending, with deft fingers, all the little rents she could find in her thin, well worn dress. Never before had she felt that she was poor, or that she wanted more than the single gown and the limp sun bonnet. "Moving had been their permanent state and normal condition, as far back as she could remember, and she knew only those who lived in the same condition. She had never seen town or city; yet in the settlements through which they had passed, she had seen enough of backwoods finery to know that her wardrobe was scantily furnished.—At last, one by one the tears gathered slowly in her eyes, and she leaned her head on the edge of the bed where her sister lay, still asleep, and sobbed till Sis woke up and looked at her with wondering eyes.

In the course of the day, Dora went to the river two or three times, Bose always close at her heels. Whatever may have been the character of the mysterious consultations they held, in the afternoon the dog was missing, until near sundown, when he dashed into the station, panting and with protruding tongue. Unobserved, she stole away, and when quite a distance from the house, Bose came tearing through the cactus after her. The little cloud of dust seen in the distance came nearer and nearer, and, as soon as the horseman was distinguished, the race between Dora and Bose began, and when the different parties met, Bose was fain to leap up and salute the horse's face—because the rider was otherwise engaged. The horse continued the journey at a slow walk, while Dora looked the question she was too timid to ask. "Yes, darling, I think your aunt will be satisfied," answered George.

"Then you have brought a man?" Her curiosity had conquered, for she could see no human beings beside themselves.

"I have." His laugh made her shrink a little—like the *mimosa sensitiva*, when touched by ever so dainty a finger—and he added, soberly: "Two of them; one in the station keeper's Kenyon's Station. Their wagon will come into sight directly, but I don't want them to see my little girl out here with me."

An hour afterward, a heavily laden wagon, drawn by two stout horses, came rolling into Gila Bend, followed by George. A hearty welcome was extended by all to the new arrivals—even Bose, the hypocrite, barked and capered as though he had not greeted his master two miles down the road. Supper was served by the mother and aunt, the latter being narrowly but furtively watched by the station keeper of Kenyon's Station. All thoughts of business or departure seemed banished for that night, the aunt and the newly arrived station keeper enjoying their pipes in quiet harmony a little apart from the rest. The next morning the second man was offered to the aunt, by George, as a substitute for Dora; but as the Kenyon's Station keeper had offered himself to her as a husband earlier in the day, the substitute was declined. Neither George nor the second man, however, seemed disappointed; indeed, there was something suspicious about the readiness with which he went to work on the half finished *corral* at the station.

That night they all set out under the trees together; there was no more reserve or secrecy maintained. A dozen papers of the choicest brands of tobacco, and half a dozen bottles of, "Colorado River water" from Fort Yuma, had wonderfully mollified the stepfather. As soon as possible, a Justice of the Peace was imported from Arizona City, to which place he was faithfully returned, after having made two happy couples at Gila Bend.

. . . . . .

Many months after, on my way back from Tucson, we came quite unexpectedly, between the latter place and Sacaton, on a new shanty. It was built of unhewn logs of cotton wood and mesquite trees, the branches with their foliage furnishing the roof. A certain cheerful, home like air about the place made me surmise the presence of a woman. I was not mistaken; for, though the only door of the hut was closed, and I could see no window, a loud but pleasant treble voice rang out directly: "Dad—Bud! come right hy'er to me. I know that's her comin' thar; I just know it is:" and a little, lithe girl rushed out of the house and up to the ambulance. A rough looking man came slowly from behind the house, and Bud, with a selection of dogs at his heels, clambered over a piece of fence—merely for the sake of climbing, as there was plenty of open space to cross.

The delegation insisted on my alighting, which I did, in consideration of Dora's mother being at the head of it. The family had moved back here from Oatman's Flat, where they had given Sam his Indian scare on our way out. Once in the house, I no longer wondered how she had discovered the ambulance, with no windows, and the door closed. The walls had not been "chinked," but the space between the logs was admitted as much light and air as the most fastidious could desire. All around were the signs of busy preparation: it was near Christmas, and they were expecting company for the holidays. A family moving from Texas to California had sent word, by some vehicle swifter than their ox teams, that they would be with them by Christmas day.

Beyond the half fenced clearing the willows and cotton wood grew close by the river, and the mild December sun of Arizona, lying on the rude homestead seemed to give promise of future peace and well doing to those who had planted their roof tree on the banks of the Gila.

Some days later, arriving at Gila Bend, I got out of the ambulance there, and stopped to admire a brood of little chicks, just out of the shell.

"How pretty they are," said I, looking up into George's honest face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up, "but go inside, to Dora."

He led the way to the room; and there, in a little cradle, lay a sweet pretty girl baby—the first white child, so far as history records, that was ever born at Gila Bend.—*Overland Monthly.*

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you may inflict a wound very difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you.

If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge, in order to cover your own extravagance.—Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness—and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, her confidence diminished, pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. There can be no oneness where there is no *full confidence.—Selected.*

LIFE.—The life of man is a vagrant, changeful desultoriness; like that of children sporting on the enamelled meadow, chasing now a painted butterfly, which loses its charms by being caught; now a wreath of mist, which falls damp upon the hand with disappointment; now a feather of thistle down, which is crushed in the grasp.—*F. W. Robertson.*

LOUISA'S SUCCESS.

She was going to marry him for love, although the mistaken world said for money. She was very fair and light hearted, and her envious lady friends were apt to say "frivolous," yet she had a heart, and it was bound up in this one man, who was to be her lord and master.

He had told her when he asked her to marry him that he did not love her, but that he loved no one else, and she was just his ideal of a wife; then he had asked her if she loved him, and she, knowing that she did, evaded the question, and answered:

"How can you expect me to love you without first possessing your love."

And he said:

"Well, my dear, it is not absolutely necessary that we should love one another, for as long as we respect and trust each other I am persuaded that we shall be very happy."

After he had gone, her mother's advice was asked, and a very good plan was decided upon to win him. The next time he came he found her surrounded by gentlemen, and rising, she bowed, and said:

"Good evening, Mr. Ardleigh, pray take a seat." And after a short conversation, she turned and addressed a gentleman near her, and paid him no more attention that evening.

Every time he came it was just the same thing repeated, with slight variations; until one evening when she was speaking to him a little apart from the others, he said:

"Louisa, if you care anything for me, please don't take on so about Mr. Sommers." Inwardly she rejoiced, for she knew that she had made him jealous, and jealousy always accompanies love; outwardly she replied, coldly:

"Really, Mr. Ardleigh, I don't see that I carry on more with Mr. Sommers than with any one else."

And he had said, angrily:

"You seem to have developed a great appreciation of his conversational powers then, for you address most of your remarks entirely to him."

Then she was called upon to play, and he had no more opportunity to speak to her privately. A week or two after that he spoke to her again.

"Louisa, if you don't want to drive me mad, please discontinue your flirtations with Mr. Sommers."

And she had replied, haughtily:

"Mr. Ardleigh, this is the second time you have accused me of flirting. I see that you do not care enough for me to judge my faults leniently, and I think our engagement had better be broken off."

Then he had stared at her in utter bewilderment for some minutes, and her heart stood almost still with dread and suspense; suddenly he spoke:

"Oh, Louisa! don't, in mercy, say that; if you only knew how I loved you—how my heart is bound up in you—you would not be so cruel!"

"I thought you did not love me?"

"Oh! I do with all my heart."

Then she threw herself in his arms, and told him that she would stop everything that he did not approve of, and that her flirtation with Mr. Sommers had only been a plan of hers to win him.

After the explanation, confidence and trust were restored, and Louisa was much happier than before, for now she not only possessed her husband's respect, but also his love.

THE FASHIONS.

WINTER HATS AND BONNETS.

As the season advances, hats and bonnets are growing larger. At the late winter openings of Mrs. Hastings, who is acknowledged to be one of our most tasteful and fashionable milliners, we noticed the broader brims and lower crowns lately alluded to in our notes on Madame Ralling's bonnets and hats, and in the collection exhibited were all the late variations and modifications of shape.

A bonnet of peacock green velvet had a broad, soft crown and a depressed, plaited brim. Around the crown was a torsade of velvet and silk; falling over the back of the bonnet was a Brussels net dotted veil, edged with Brussels lace; on the left side a long, full ostrich feather, with willow tips, was held in place by an aigrette of small peacock's and other light feathers, confined by a jet spray, and the brides were of gros-grain ribbon of peacock green.

Bonnet of royal purple velvet had the coronet front, and a rich face trimming of the velvet. The outside trimming was a dotted veil, edged with Brussels lace; two short, full ostrich tips, and gros grain ribbon of the color of the bonnet, with an intermixture of a lively shade of lilac ribbon.

Round hat, of rich black velvet, had a broad, soft crown and a shirred brim. Over the back of the hat fell a dotted net veil. From the front, curling over the crown, were a black and two white ostrich tips, held in place by an aigrette of very delicate feathers and a jet spray; and around the crown was a torsade of velvet.

Bonnet of fawn colored velvet had, for the trimming, a wreath of satin leaves of pale green blended with a fawn color and small clusters of berries, forming a trailing vine over a lace veil, and gros grain ribbon strings.

Bonnet of nile green velvet was trimmed with the veil, a long, full ostrich feather, and on the left side a cluster of roses tipped with smoke color, and buds and foliage.

These are but a very few of the noticeable bonnets and hats of this opening. As a specialty, the seal skin bonnets imported by Mrs. Hastings deserve notice. These are generally very simply trimmed, their effectiveness depending rather on the richness of the material of which made. Watered ribbons, with short ostrich tips, are used on them.—*Lady's Journal.*

VINUM AMORIS.

Oh! I have given to you, my beautiful,
The ripe *old wine* of love, and not the froth
And fume of earliest vintage; but expressed
From perfect, purple, clustered fruit; and you
May drink until your soul is drunk, there is
No limit to the store, and all for you!

But when the violets, genus and daisies weave
Their patchwork cou terpane above my grave
And other loves in full libations pour;
Fill once again, and once more drink to me
In memory, from the cup your lips first pressed.
If that suffice, then like an epicure
Turn proudly from the glasses of your friends
And cry, "I've tasted better wine befor!"

DEATH BY THE NERVES.

When a man is wounded in battle, even slightly, he is likely to be knocked prostrate, which is in fact often the first intimation that he gets that something has happened. It is not the force of the blow nor the wound that brings him to the ground, for he may presently get up and walk away, or fight again, if he is very determined; but it is the shock upon the nervous system. A similar shock may come through the mind, through any accident, just as would be the case through a stroke of lightning. Sometimes it may be so violent that death will overtake the victim beyond recall by any reaction, while there is no sufficient injury to the tissues or organs, or loss of blood to cause a fatal result. A sudden death occurred recently in a prominent family, in this city, where the young man had no disease of any tissue that could cause alarm, and no one could have predicted the result. Nothing could be said of it, but that some violent shock fell upon an enfeebled nervous system and took life away before the trouble, whatever it was, could pronounce itself by disorganizing any part of the body. Civilization and its intense activities being a great strain on the nervous powers, physicians have to bear this in mind and direct their counsels accordingly.

A great desideratum is to discover some remedy which will act promptly as a counter shock. In case of a certain kind, as in lightning strokes, dashes of cold water, suddenly given by the pailful, sometimes avail. Perhaps when the nervous force is better understood it may come within a control as decisive as that over galvanic currents in a cable, which are charged and discharged at will. Meanwhile there should be sufficient knowledge disseminated among the people to enable them to exercise caution in avoiding whatever is destructive of nervous vitality.—*Iowa School Journal.*

☞ Paul had his besetting sins. Each one of us has "constitutional" tendencies to sin that must be fought as the boxer fights his antagonist. And our besetting sin is the one that jumps with our inclinations. The man with a craving appetite is one who is in danger of gluttony. Many people are so constituted that they cannot tamper safely with a single glass of stimulant. Ardent temperaments may be the most useful and the most enjoyable; but they are also the most dangerous.

You cannot be transformed in an instant. You cannot be changed between twilight and sunrise. When, therefore, you pray that God will regenerate your nature, will you not give him time to do such a work? When you pray for the reconstruction of your character, will you not wait till God can perform such an act of mercy? If, looking at the interior, He sees that the work can be expedited, He will expedite it; but you must be patient.—[*Beecher.*

☞ The purest joy is unspeakable—the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

BAKED CHICKEN PIE.—Clean and cut up your chickens and put them in a pot to stew, covering them with water. Put butter (large spoonful to two chickens) in it, with salt and pepper. While it is stew'ng, make a rich puff paste with lard and flour, roll out a piece and line a baking pan, stir a tablespoonful of flour with water and stir it in the chicken, then pour it all in the pan with the paste in it. Roll out a piece of dough for the top and butter it, sprinkle flour over it, and roll again; do this twice, then put it on the pan and put pieces of dough twisted across the top and in rings between; stick it well in the centre with a fork, press the edges with the fork, and bake it slowly. You have, then, a North Carolina pie.

FILTERS AND FILTERING.

In every well appointed kitchen there are tin or porcelain funnels. For filtering watery fluids it is only necessary to insert in the choke of the funnel a V-shaped piece of fine sponge. All such liquids, on being put into the funnel will pass through the sponge and become quite clear. When this effect ceases the sponge must be removed and well cleansed.

For jelly and oil, wool alone is the proper medium for filtering. The felted wool jelly bag is pretty well known as the best means of clearing calves foot jelly, and it also answers for olive and other oil. These bags are, however, too expensive to be generally used; hence, they are rarely seen in kitchens. A good substitute for the wool bag is cullender, in the inside of which a new flannel lining should be fitted, made of double stuff. A wad of white knitting wool, put in the choke of a funnel, will do to filter any small portion of such fluids.—*Scientific American.*

THE ROYAL GUEST.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

They tell me I am shrewd with other men;
With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech,
With others I may guide the car of talk;
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garments from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purposes, as for God himself.

For them I while the hour with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,—
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine:
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rusties spread their festal fare
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me,
From high empires and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine—
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

ANECDOTE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

Andrew Jackson was a sturdy man, rough in demeanor at times, but naturally kind hearted and scrupulously honest in his own person, while he held to strict accountability in this direction those who served under him during his Presidency.

A poor woman called at the White House one morning, and craved audience with the President. On being ushered into the general's presence, he blandly inquired:

"What can I do for you, madame?"

"Mr. President," responded the widow, "I keep a boarding house on E street, and among my 'patrons' a Mr. H. has for several months been an inmate of my house, who declines to pay his account. He is a clerk in the Treasury Department, upon good pay, but I cannot collect my bill of him."

"Why not?" asked the President.

"He won't pay it, sir."

"How much does he owe you, madame?"

"Nearly two hundred dollars."

"What is his pay?"

"Nearly two thousand dollars per annum."

"That is a fair salary. He ought to live on it," said the President, thoughtfully.

"He has paid me nothing for five months, sir. I need the money, and I came to ask you to advise me how I may get it."

"He admits his indebtedness?"

"He avoids me, sir, on pay days, and I can get no satisfaction from him, after repeated solicitations."

"He must pay you, madame."

"I hope so. I can ill afford to lose it."

"Go to him, and get his note at thirty days for the full amount due and interest," said Jackson.

"His *note*, sir! It wouldn't be worth a penny."

"Get his note and come to me again," replied the President. "We shall see."

The lady applied to her delinquent boarder for his due bill that very c'ay.

"Note? Yes," said the clerk, indifferently, "I'll give you half a dozen notes."

And without delay he proceeded to furnish the desired bit of negotiable paper.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked, as he smilingly handed her I O U at thirty days after date, without the slightest intention of providing for its payment.

"Collect it," said his landlady.

"Hope you'll have a good time and be successful," said H., with a chuckle.

"I certainly shall," rejoined the widow. "This note squares our account, in full. You will please find other accommodations, Mr. H., from to-day."

The lady then proceeded to the White House with the little document.

"Good-morning, madame," said Jackson, "Did you get the note?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He was very ready. But he laughs at me for being so easily satisfied with his *promise* to pay."

The President took the note, turned it over, seized his pen, and wrote across the back of it, boldly, "ANDREW JACKSON."

"There, madame," he added, briefly. "Put this in the Washington Bank, for collection. You've got a good *endorser*, at all events. The note will be paid at maturity. Good morning."

The lady did as she was advised. H. was duly notified that his note for two hundred and ten dollars was due in bank on a certain day. He smiled.

"But I got a good man's name on the back of it," said the widow, cheerfully.

"Did you, indeed! Who was fool enough to endorse my note for two hundred?" asked the clerk, cavalierly. And out of mere curiosity, on the day the note fell due he proceeded to the bank to see who "the fool" was; and found it to be no less a personage than Andrew Jackson.

He didn't laugh, now.

The note was paid, promptly. H. could not afford to permit the President's name to go to protest.

The widow got her money in full. He got other lodgings. And three days after the note was paid, Mr. H. received the following brief missive, which *explained* matters, but did not set the flashy young man forward, much:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., 183—

"MR. L. H., SIR:—Your services as clerk in the —th Auditor's Office will not be required after this date. By order of the President.

Yours, &c., —— Secretary, &c."

H. "saw the point" and, was not a little chagrined. Still, he declared "it was something for a young fellow to be able to have *so good an endorser!*" GAFFER GRAY.

THE BEST.—The best wife for a man, is the daughter of a farmer. It makes no difference what the social position of a man may be. The daughters of farmers in the country are educated in most all instances. They have frugal habits. They can preside in the parlor, with as much grace as any of our city bred girls. We have no caste here. The millionaire, the statesman, the philosopher, are no better than the poor man. Society judges of the moral worth of the man. Not his money bags, or his high birth. The poor are as good as the rich. Integrity is the standard of one's position in the commonwealth. Ladies born with golden spoons in their mouths, are on the same level of the farmer's daughter. The latter makes the best wife, because they are the most economical and prudent.

☞ Mrs. Minnie Miller, wife of the poet Joaquin, has been lecturing in San Francisco about her husband. Her lecture was a success and she is spoken of as a genius, a greater woman than he is a man. She is the mistress of satire, a woman of energy, who has passed through a world of care and sorrow. She is a pale, thoughtful woman, not so handsome in form and figure as she is in soul, which gleams out of her eyes and lights up her face. Her hair droops about her shoulders in a wreath of ringlets. She had but four or five days' courtship with the poet, and says:—"On Sunday we were married. It was mostly my fault. Joaquin has often reproached me for it, and I feel the justice of his reproaches."

Anecdotes.

SEASIDE DRAMA.—Mrs. de Tomkyns (sotto voce to Mr. de T.)—"Ludovic, dear, there's Algeron playing with a strange child! Do prevent it!"

Mr. de T. (ditto to Mrs. de T.)—"How on earth am I to prevent it, my love?"

Mrs. de T.—"Tell its parents Algeron is just recovering from scarlet fever, or something."

Mr. de T.—"But it isn't true!"

"Mrs. de T.—"O, never mind! Tell them all the same!"

Mr. de T., (aloud.)—"Ahem! Sir, you'd better not let your little girl play with my little boy. He's only just recovering from —er—scarlet fever."

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, (together.)—"It's all right, sir. So's our little gal!"—*Punch.*

☞ At a certain sanitarium, in which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was spending the summer, Thursday evening was devoted to fun-making. There were several clergymen staying at the place, among them a spruce and elderly little Doctor of Divinity, whose dignity and dress were absolutely unruffled. Nobody dreamed that it was possible to take any liberties with him, until one Thursday evening, when Mr. Beecher seized him and carried him across the road as if he had been a child, setting him down tenderly by the fence. The little man smoothed his ruffled dress, and cried out to the laughing bystanders, "Another instance of the triumph of matter over mind."

☞ There is a story of one of the hangers-on at Washington who had been appointed engineer, a business of which he had no knowledge. The day after his appointment a gentleman and two ladies had the curiosity to look at the engine room and its machinery, where they found the new office holder on duty merely as an usher, practical engineers doing the real duty of the so-called "assistant engineer."

"How many horse power is your engine?"

"Horse power!" replies greeny, with a look of mingled pity and contempt; "don't you know the machine goes by steam?"

☞ "That's where the boys fit for college," said the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a schoolhouse.

"Did they?" said the old lady with animation. "Then, if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterwards?"

"Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."

"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

☞ Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who